PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Vol. 1. No. 7. 5s.

APHRODISIACS; the recipes and the myths/**VIOLETTE LEDUC;** an exclusive interview/**THE DANCING REBEL;** the strange life and loves of **ISADORA DUNCAN/PARKER'S PROTEST;** an epitaph on **CHRISTMAS.**

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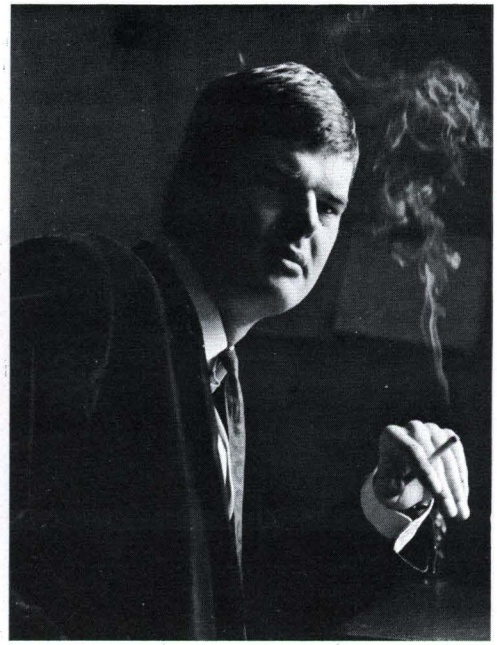

JAN PARKER △

Our special Christmas issue, begun so benignly by cover-girl **Ingrid Braun,** gathers momentum of a particularly fervent and festive sort. Greater editorial diversification, newer features, two important new authors and sharper pacing make December's offerings more abundant and readable than ever. Presiding *Pet-of-the-Month*, centrefold's Viennese-born Ingrid, lends an amatory air of enchantment to the already delightful practice of unwrapping one's own gifts, while further goodies are amply and dutifully displayed in the unseasonal romp of our second, *Pastoral Pet*, pages 58 to 62.

The perennial pill for every libidinous ill—the elusive and ever fascinating aphrodisiac—forms the subject for the first of this month's leading articles. In *Aphrodisiacs*, **Alan Hull Walton** provides an exhaustive and authoritative study of man's unending search for sex-stimulants, rejuvenators and impotency cure-alls. In spite of modern scientific and pharmacological knowledge, the myth of "Unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged," goes on.

The second of our leading articles deals with dreams of a more personal and tragic sort. *The Dancing Rebel*, **B. M. O'Hara's** biographical study of *Isadora Duncan* brings into focus one of the most gifted, tormented and heretic women of her time. Isadora led a life of picaresque eccentricity becoming something of a tragi-comic suffragette in the cause of free expression. She abstracted from nature the quintessential ingredients of freedom and attempted to apply them to everyday life through the medium of interpretive dancing. Just as Mata Hari stands as the eternal Femme-Fatale, so stands Isadora Duncan as the Eternal Rebel.

Continuing December's contrasting dissection of militant womanhood, PENTHOUSE interviews self-confessed lesbian **Violette Leduc,** an iconoclast whose bastardly deeds were recently made public in her frank, lyrical and best-selling autobiography, *La Bâtarde*. Mme. Leduc, unlike the horrific and powerful outpourings of her book, is a demure and deeply sensitive woman. Her reticence to defend the moral issues of "*Bâtarde*" will be quickly perceived as encompassing the convictions of a serious and devoted artist to whom work is an *expression* rather than an *explanation* of self.

Holding aloft a savagely satirical mirror to the whole panorama of Christmas, resident artist **Jan Parker** begins the first of a new series of such pranks entitled, *Parker's Protest*. The purpose of these polemic protestations will be to test the validity of Britain's sacred cows by milking them at their weakest point. This month, adding yule to the fire, Father Christmas himself is the chosen fall-guy.

Walter Harris, weaver of the weird and wonderful tales that have delighted PENTHOUSE readers from our third issue, steps out of character for a speedy interlude with his second love—fast cars. *How To Ride To Hounds In An E-Type* is Walt's eye-view of the BSM advanced motoring course at Brands Hatch.

Two newcomers to the pages of PENTHOUSE, **Derek Low** and **D. J. Brooke,** make the scene with equally important and highly individual contributions to the short fiction department. Low's *Luck Of The Draw* is set amid the carnival atmosphere of old Mexico whereas Brooke's *Security Is A Warm, Soft Pillow* deals with the subliminal comforts of the conjugal bed.

Rounding out our collection of seasonal goodies for '65, **Michael Foreman's** sensitive plea for peace is no where better expressed than in his delicate whimsy—*I Love You*. **Jonathan Clements'** fable for our time, *The Bear And The Snowman*, contributes another exemplary moral for modern living, while Food and Drink editor, **Nicolas Rieba** offers a palatable solution to the excesses of same. *Penthouse Forum* continues to bubble and froth with readers' letters for and against the corporal assault on British buttocks and Pop personality, **Mike Sarne** makes the PENTHOUSE fashion scene. Pull the last Christmas cracker in the box and out will tumble more cartoons, satire, and the informative and offbeat columns of *View From The Top*. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

PENTHOUSE

The Magazine For Men

Vol. 1. No. 7.

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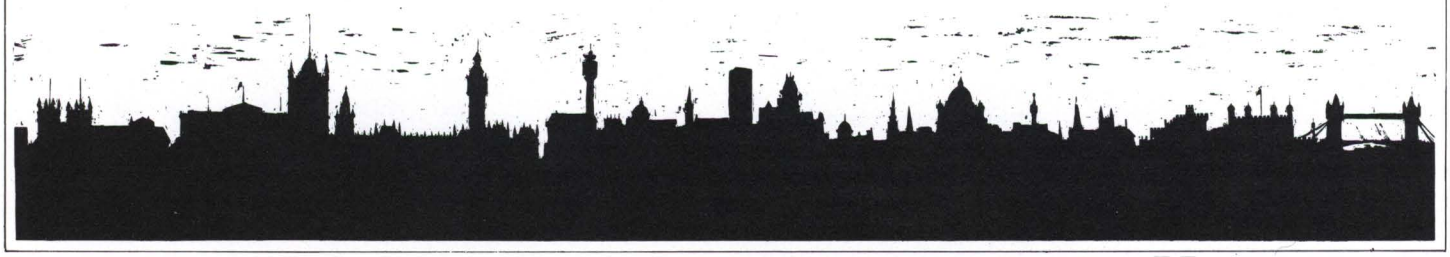
VIEW FROM THE TOP



Merry Medical Christmas

Under the title **"Tell Me Doctor,"** the *Evening Standard* used to run a weekly medical "news" column designed to popularize the world of medicine. Going through some old issues recently in our search for the ghosts of Christmas past, we discovered a particularly spirited column in which the good "Doctor" offers the following gift-suggestion under the sub-heading Latest Aids :

For Medical Students

A do-it-yourself kit for a 16-in. tall plastic man. It contains a skeleton, miniature organs and glands, transparent skin stamped with muscles and blood vessels.

Our curiosity was aroused as to just how a young medical student would receive a 16-in. tall plastic man for Christmas. We tried to imagine him opening his gift under the tinselled lights of the tree. His wife—a regular reader of the **"Tell Me Doctor"** column—looks on expectantly.

Him: Well, if it isn't a 16-in. tall plastic man!

Her: Do you like it?

Him: Are you kidding? Who wouldn't like a 16-in. tall plastic man complete with lungs, glands and blood vessels?

Her: I wasn't too sure you'd like it. I wanted to get something practical.

Him: What could be more practical than a 16-in. plastic man?

Her: I'm glad you like it. I was torn between the 16-in. tall plastic man and a lovely build-it-yourself gorilla bladder.

Him: Gorilla bladders are commonplace. Everyone I know has a gorilla bladder . . . they're out-of-date, and besides I've always wanted my own 16-in. tall plastic man.

Her: I'm so happy. You're a very difficult man to please. When I gave you that chromium ear syringe for your birthday you said it was just what you wanted, but I knew, even then, how much you would have preferred a switch-blade scalpel. I'm glad I did the right thing this time.

Him: Just look at those miniature glands and those lovely blood vessels. Did you ever see anything so fine? Would you mind terribly if I put him together before the kids get up?

Her: I think it would be fun. Let's do it together. You take the blood vessels and I'll do the glands.

Him: Sure. When Jimmy sees this he'll go wild. Remember what he did with the rib cage I brought home last week?

Her: Do I remember? How could I forget? He told your mother it was left over from Sunday dinner. It took half an hour to revive the poor dear.

Him: I think Christmas is the best time of the year. Here, you unravel the blood vessels while I inflate the lungs.

Her: Be careful they don't burst ; they're only plastic, you know.

Him: Say, he doesn't have a brain ; we'll have to make one.

Her: It doesn't matter, sweetie, the children never did throw away the one from the Thanksgiving turkey. It ought to fit just nicely.

Him: This is such fun. Now here's a little something for you.

Her: Oh, George, what is it?

Him: Open it up and see.

Her: Why, George, isn't it lovely? My very own germ culture. I couldn't have chosen anything better myself.

Him: I've got an idea.

Her: Yes, darling?

Him: Let's infect my 16-in. tall plastic man with your germ culture.

Her: Wonderful! And then little Jimmy will have a real patient for his miniature operating theatre.

Him: Right, and if Jimmy fails to remove the infection in time that will give little Susan a chance to use her do-it-yourself "Mercy Killing" set.

Her: Isn't Christmas fun?

"A *Phocaena-phocaena* was found today propped up in one of the cubicles of the men's lavatory in Glasgow Central Station. The staff thought it was a dolphin, but the 4 ft., 64 lb. carcass was identified as a porpoise by the museums' department at Kelvingrove Park. How it had come into the lavatory nobody knew: one gentleman said: 'We have had heavy rain and flooding, but this is ridiculous'."—*The Times.*
One trusts it was a gentleman porpoise.

Don't breathe a word of this to the termites, but the offices of Britain's Timber Decay Enquiry Bureau are situated in Wormwood Street, London E.C.2.

"A Divorce Court judge said today that a wife had told him that after confessing to her husband about her adultery with an itinerant ice-cream seller, she wrote a letter to the ice-cream man ending the association. She gave it to her husband, who took it to the man, shook hands with him, and came back with two free 6d. cornets. This, the wife claimed, meant that her husband had forgiven her."—*Evening News.*
Next time don't settle for less than a family block.

"The Computer Class for nudists, 50 strong, consists of housewives, teachers, engineers and office workers. Dr D. J. Gibson, club secretary, explained that it is being started partly because the weather is not always suitable for badminton."—*Sunday Citizen.*
So what's wrong with strip-poker?

Theatre

"Ivanov" (*at the Phoenix*) is unquestionably the finest example of theatrecraft to be found on the English stage at the present time. The direction by John Gielgud and the professionalism of performance might well serve as the yardstick by which a generation of players measure the reach of their abilities.

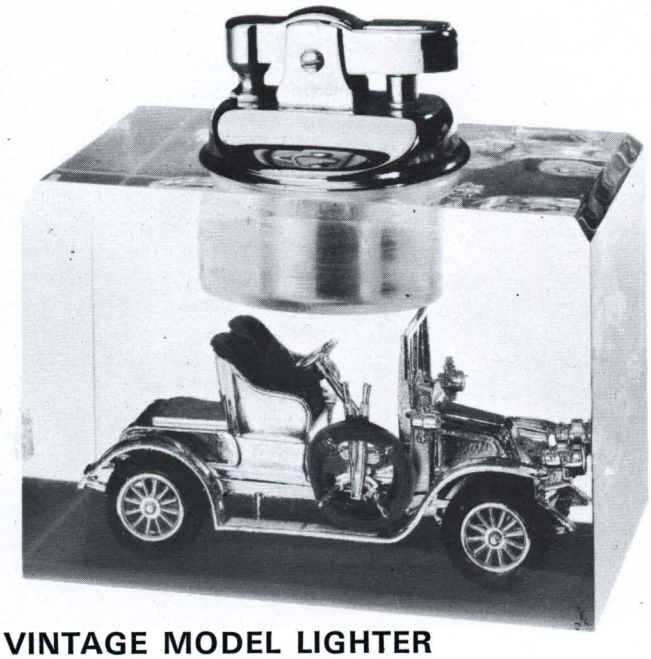
This is Anton Chekov's first play. He was commissioned in 1887 to write a comedy for the Borch Theatre in Moscow. Instead he wrote a tragedy, the forerunner of the sombre portraits which were later to establish his precedence in the school of Russian drama.

Ivanov is the study of an egocentric destroyed by the death of his will to live. When the play opens Nikolai Alekseyevitch Ivanov (John Gielgud), a full-time member of the Department of Peasant Affairs, has been married for some years to a Jewess, Anna Petrovna, née Abramson (Yvonne Mitchell). As she had married away from her race and without her parents' consent Ivanov received no dowry. He has now become so indifferent to her that it means nothing to him to be told that she is dying of tuberculosis. To forget his boredom and his debts he spends most evenings with his old friends Pavel Kirillych Lebedev (Roland Culver) and his wife. They have a very beautiful young daughter, Sasha (Clare Bloom), who falls in love with Ivanov and tries to make him revive his interest in living. Ivanov's wife dies, and it becomes clear that he has been having an affair with Sasha, even towards the end. Ivanov is hopelessly in debt and by this time equally hopelessly devoid of emotion. In all senses but the physical he is dead. The arrangements are made for his marrying Sasha, but in his shame and despair he knows that he cannot arouse any feelings of love for her either. He walks out of the room and shoots himself.

The bleak undertones of tragedy inseparable from Chekov's work are not so unrelieved here that the audience goes home as despairingly as though they were characters from the play itself. It has not been an evening of gaiety, but it has been an evening of *theatre.*

Films

Visconti has got to be kidding when he calls his latest film **"Of A Thousand Delights"** (*Gala films, currently at the Cameo-Poly.*) It is meant to be a vague re-telling of the Electra theme and does as much to enhance Greek mythology as sodomy did for the Greek Gods. Visconti, who has turned recently to opera directs this one as melodramatically as he would Verdi. It has a good deal of the head pounding and breast thumping and an awful lot of crawling about on the floors and dying, and all like that. It makes you wonder what has gotten into old Luchino anyway? Sandra (Claudia Cardinale) returns to Volterra with her American husband (played by Englishman, Michael Craig, and a jolly good job he does, too) to revenge her father, a Jewish scientist who was betrayed to the Nazis way back by her mother, a French woman (Marie Bell). She has forgotten she's no Red Riding Hood either and has a couple of snakes from the past coiled in her own little basket, too. One



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of them is an incestuous brother (Jean Sorel) who takes poison when she prefers her husband to him.

Actually, parts of the film are like a Benny Hill skit on an Italian film played backwards. Marie Bell plays the piano like Tschaikovsky, only more so. Jean Sorel seems to be a dead ringer for Alain Delon, which proves that Luchino is at least consistant in his choice of beautiful young men. And there's no kidding about Sorel, this boy is not only a dish, but he can act. Without question a big talent in the making.

Claudia Cardinale is no Jean Moreau, and that's the film's problem, she should have been. And by the way, isn't Claudia getting to be a big girl these days? Somebody should tell about the benefits of Rye Krisp over pasta.

Two of the films displayed by the ninth London Film Festival made an interesting complementary pair. Neither, at this writing, had a distributor in London. One is Italian with Spanish dialogue, the other is Russian.

"The Enchanted Desna" was made by the widow of the late Alexander Dovzhenko, Yulia Solntseva, from a scenario by her late husband. The film is a remarkable achievement for a peculiar reason. There is a line in a poem by Rilke which goes: "O Tell me poet, what you do? I praise." Mme Solntseva has put together a wonderful hymn of praise, an evocation of a Russian childhood as remembered by an officer during and after the Second World War. The extraordinary quality of the film is its visual beauty combined with a rich tactile feeling for childhood experience. Describing it is hard. One tends to fall into superficial epithets that cannot adequately explain why the poetry is alive. (For instance, you may describe something with glowing brown skin, a firm rounded shape, deep eyes, looking good enough to eat. That may be a lovely woman or it may be a potato.) In between scattered battle scenes, some of which are a bit too pretty—more like fireworks than war—Mme Solntseva weaves a lyrical, strong fabric of remembered childhood years. The images are not impressive to tell about—evenings on the River Desna, sunsets, harvests, a cursing Grandmother, the death of four brothers in an epidemic, the flooding of the river through the village at Eastertime—and a curious sequence in which a child imagines a dialogue between two horses silhouetted in moonlight—a sequence that would probably draw laughter if it were tried in English. But the tremendous vitality of these images adds up to *praise;* there is little soppy nostalgia for bygone days. A sense of strength and music however superficial swamps the occasional bit of dutiful propaganda. Joy is rare in the contemporary cinema, and it makes this picture worth seeing. A 70-millimetre screen does not lend itself easily to lyric poetry. But with **"The Enchanted Desna,"** Dovzhenko's widow has created a work that is faithful to the old master's memory. There are flaws, but they're not enough to spoil the total effect of this wonderful cinematic song.

And then we have **"The Moment of Truth."** This is about bullfighting. The director is Francesco Rosi. Rosi is a man who makes cinematic indictments. He made an eloquent indictment of Italian Justice in *Salvatore Giuliano*. In another film he attacked the corruption of Italian politics. In **"The Moment of Truth"** he seems to be attacking bullfighting as a vicious exploitation of animals and men. A young matador, rising out of poverty to become a public idol, is caught in his profession and eventually destroyed by it. Unfortunately, in pounding home his point by portraying the bullfight as nothing more than an orgy of excitement over killing, Rosi has missed much of the peculiar sense of splendour with which tradition has imbued it; the bull and the man drawn together in a formal and beautiful dance which exalts them both. The climax, a violent and joyless death, is only the final chord in the symphony, and in concentrating on it to the exclusion of almost everything else, Rosi has missed his mark. His film is powerful and contains plenty of shock sequences—the bloody slaughter of a bull and the wild dance in the blood that it spills on the ground; and kill after kill, it's all set in tune to the greedy roars of the audience. But when the matador is finally gored and misses his chance to retire, one is left feeling that after all it doesn't matter very much. Why not? Because the boy couldn't cut the mustard. He wanted to get a lot of money and clear out. He was cheating. So, in a way, he deserved his death by goring.

If you have a taste for indignation, especially the shallow sort of anger aroused by gory images of killing and cheap clichés about corruption (cocktail parties, impresario lusting for money, etc.), you may enjoy this picture. But if you care for the rich ceremony of the bullfight it hasn't much to say after all.

Two films in the festival are works of Jean-Luc Godard. One is in colour and one isn't. The one in black and white is much more colourful than the other one. It's called **"Alphaville."** A secret agent, Lemmy Caution, from "the countries outside" comes to Alphaville, which is a city inhabited mostly by mutants and run by a computer Alpha 60. Everything works by the computer's logic, including executions, traffic, the civil service, etc., etc. The city is in fact Paris with an overlay of arch science-comic-strip names. Lemmy Caution's job is to destroy the computer and prevent an attack by Alphaville on the outside countries. He does this and picks up a girl who was born in New York, is very beautiful and has almost forgotten to say I love you. Just at the end, when she and the secret agent are racing out of town in a car, she remembers.

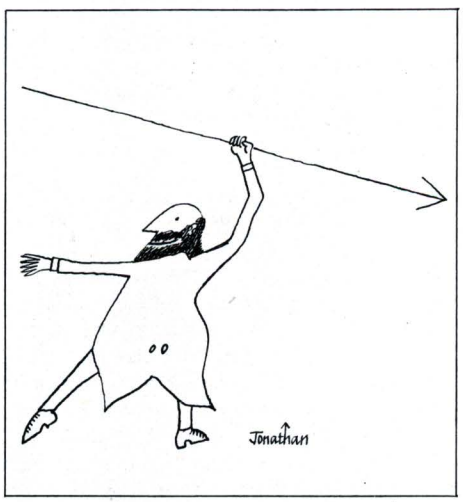
The film is a fairly amusing but often chic-chic comic strip. There is a certain amount of nostalgia expressed for human feelings which, Godard seems to say, might get lost in a big city. But he does mention cities, including Florence and New York, that are "alive." When the film opens at the Academy the best thing to do is go and see it (it's worth an evening) and suppress any temptation to take it seriously. In spite of occasional sententious bits, it's hard to believe that Godard takes it seriously himself . . . except financially. And your part in that is finished as soon as you've passed by the box office.

"Pierrot Le Fou" is a wildly confusing game in colour with Anna Karina (the absent-minded girl in *Alphaville*) as a smashing bird playing Jean-Paul Belmondo for a sucker. Two gangs are involved and there is some money and also quite a number of guns mixed up in it. The story is very hard to follow. The synopsis passed out at the press show was just as hard to follow. The couple steal several cars. They camp out in the south of France. They wade in the sea. They kill a couple of people, or at least the girl does. She stabs them in the back of the neck with scissors. The second victim is a dwarf gun-runner. There are boats, too. Belmondo keeps a journal and writes, among other things, "we are dead men on leave." And he talks about faceless music. In the end he shoots the girl. Then he wraps some dynamite around his head and lights the fuse. Just before it goes off he changes his mind and tries to extinguish the fuse. Alas, it's too late. If the picture were maybe half-an-hour shorter it might not be too late. Still, the colour is flashy and it's very very pop and chic and maybe you better see *Alphaville* instead.

Carl Dreyer is a very famous Danish director who has not made so very many films. He is deeply respected by the British Film Institute. One of his films, *Gertrud*, was also in the festival. It tells, lugubriously, the story of a woman's break with a husband she doesn't love. But maybe you better see *Alphaville* instead.

Books

"Nigger" by Dick Gregory with Robert Lipsyte (*George Allen and Unwin*), is another of those books written "with the aid of" or



"as told to" type of thing. It is the story of the rise of an American negro from the degradation of his ghetto to the rewards and riches of the entertainment business, for many the only way. The book's main fault it is so haphazardly told, its main asset is it is told with compassion.

Gregory's rise is attributed by himself to a calculated "cool," a building up of the resentment and hate feelings to whitey. If it doesn't work in life at least it works in his night club act. Eventually he makes it, but can no longer contain the bottled up bile and it spills out into direct political action. He demonstrates, marches, makes speeches, and waves the banner. For this he is imprisoned, but the feeling of exhilaration is fine and he comes to terms with life and himself.

At least his bitterness is bitter-sweet and tempered with humour, unlike James Baldwin's bitter-bitter that rages with both fists against the furies. I much prefer Greg's version. He makes the word Nigger a beautiful badge instead of a term of abuse. His dedication sets the paradox—Dear Momma—Wherever you are, if ever you hear the word "nigger" again, remember they are advertising my book.

It is a touching thought.

My Brother Brendan *By Dominic Behan (Leslie Frewin)*
The Human Comedy seems an awful lot sadder now that Brendan Behan, Ireland's devil-may-care novelist and playwright, has passed on. Thanks be that his brother has written this uninhibited and fascinating biography of the "Quare Fellow" himself. Basically the book abandons any preconceived notions of a stock biography on the very first page; Dominic is content to launch into a seemingly endless fund of hilarious anecdotes, quotes and proud narrative. Surprisingly this fluid technique unravels the skein of Brendan Behan's enigmatic character far more effectively than any slide-rule, chronologically correct method would. High up on the list of quotably bawdy lines, and there are many, is the story Brendan would tell of Madame Lafarge, "Who loved one-legged men. So long as the amputation affected only the left or the right one and never the leg in the middle." And who else but Brendan Behan would reply, when asked by reporters what the message of his play "The Hostage" was: "Message? Message? What do you think I am, a bloody postman?"

Mrs Grundy *By Peter Fryer (Corgi)*
On the surface it might well seem that the Golden Age of Prudery is past; after all, those Anglo-Saxon words are allowed to appear in full, skirts are worn five or more inches above the knee, both normal and abnormal sexual behaviour are portrayed quite openly on television and films. But all that glitters is not bold. In this excellent history of Puritan attitudes, thought and deed, Peter Fryer proves most conclusively that restrictions in sex, dancing, prostitution, drinking, etc., are very far from being buried just yet. Unlike most social historians he makes his point in highly entertaining and readable prose, ranging through wittily-entitled subjects such as "*No Nudes Is Good News*," "*The Shocking History Of Striptease*," and "*The Creeping Obstetrician*," with a flair that makes reading an "educational" book an unexpected joy. If only they provided schools with history primers like this then the very disease which Peter Fryer dissects might well be obliterated.

Art

BELLMER *Hans: Né en 1902 à Katowicè. Dessinateur et peintre, créateur de* LA POUPÉE, *auteur de* L'ANATOMIE DE L'IMAGE. *La chimère érotique échelevée, tentaculaire, issue du terreau des amours enfantines.*
That's Bellmer. Even the rather grand Galerie Charpentier of Paris could not find more to say about him in the official catalogue of the great revival SURREALISM exhibition of 1964.

And yet Bellmer—writes Sheldon Williams—is about to become a furore in London. His exhibition of de Sade illustrations and designs for Georges Bataille's Monsieur D'Os face us with a sophisticated eroticism which is all the more frontal for being carried out with a fidelity to realism rarely matched since the days of Ingres.

Bellmer gives the limbs and orifices of the human male and female some contortional surealiste twists, but his meanings are plain to the most innocent eye.

William Burroughs and Terry Southern have both contributed introductions to the British exhibition's catalogue in which they put in the same kind of paradoxical plea for the works to be treated as intellectual "purity" as was entered for Lady Chatterley. It is unlikely that many of the visitors to the Robert Fraser Gallery in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, will share to the full this interpretation by two eminent contemporary literary figures. The laws of obscenity, as they apply to the visual arts, are as vague as they are complex. At the time of writing (before the opening of the exhibition) it is impossible to say what will happen. If the police move in, for instance, this will mark the first all-out attack by authority upon an art exhibition in Britain since the banning of D. H. Lawrence's paintings over half-a-century ago.

In Lawrence's case, the magistrates kicked up because the literary enfant terrible had dared to paint naked men and women in a state of enamoured innocence. In some cases physical passions of the figures in the paintings were clearly aroused. Such plain statements of the *conditions humaines* were castigated as immoral.

The Bellmer situation is different. His drawings are expressing in dramatic clarity the underlying eroticism of Freudian psychology which in the art world is generally wrapped up in abstraction and distortion. Art men even talk about "reading" paintings. If you can *read* an obscure work of art, this is taken as meaning that you can *see* exactly what imagery the artist has used to bring about the final result.

No one has any difficulty in *reading* Bellmer. He spells it out.

PENTHOUSE *and Sheldon Williams are arranging for visitors' comments to be taped on the spot. An edited version—to ensure anonymity—will then appear in the January 1966 issue with, we hope, illustrations.*

Sounds

Real Gone/Nellie Lutcher /*Music for Pleasure* (*MFP 1038*) The husky and breathless voice of Nellie Lutcher, sings in a dated, vaguely jazz-inflected style, is probably an acquired taste, like absinthe or whelks. And although she sings songs of desire and passion (like *Fine Brown Frame* and *Let Me Love You Tonight*) the overall effect is totally sexless. A bouncy, Fats Waller-inspired pianist is around, so, and the drummer knows all there is to know about paradiddles. As the dearly departed *Picturegoer* magazine used to put it—two stars only.

Dizzy Gillespie Orchestra (*Vogue CRL 3011*) This regrettably disbanded orchestra, led by one of the few originals of jazz, ranks in importance alongside the immortal combos of Duke Ellington and Count Basie. As well as Dizzy's high swinging trumpet there rides the brass attack that punches you right in the eye with its brutal figures of eight. Furthermore the sax section rules and pulsates like men born at Gabriel's feet. This concert, recorded in Paris 16 years ago, sounds as fresh and modern as though it were waxed only this morning.

The Roar Of The Grease Paint/Ahmad Jamal /*Chess* (*CRl 4509*) Jazz versions of full-length musical scores always seem to disappear into a vacuum of compromise; this record follows the rest into that sad oblivion. The sleeve note drools endlessly on about the "softly glowing lyricism," and how everything in the garden is "wry, poignant and irreverent," but hell, it's just a guy playing soft-sell pleasant piano music in the manner of Teddy Wilson. What this production needs (apart from a good five cent price) is a hip vocalist, such as Mark Murphy, to tell the world what it's all about.

At The London Palladium/Chris Barber/ *Music for Pleasure* (*MFP 1039*) Now, it seems, they've carted their microphones into jazz's very own Chamber of Horrors. What emerges is a stale and damp compost heap of chugging banjos—an instrument which should have been pensioned off back in the Boer War—the insipid and cliché-happy trombone of Chris Barber; clarinets that chirrup annoyingly away, blithely disregarding both melody and form. The only hope left for the British jazz scene, if this is the best they can do, is to plug up the hole in the centre of this record, smash it over the head of King Oliver's ghost, drink down that home-grown ale and start all over again.

Illustration/Joe Brooks

THE DANCING REBEL

by B. M. O'Hara

A nostalgic look at one of the most gifted and eccentric women of her time . . . .

IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY IS A FRAGMENT OF MATERIAL. IT is part of the shawl which one November day in 1927 accidentally strangled Isadora Duncan.

To-day, Isadora is more a name than a person, a muted memory, to one or two men still alive, an echo of a once-compassionate love, a cameo portrait of a large and handsome face, a large but lissom body, a personality arched in revolt against the conventions of her day and its more rigid, dispassionate canons.

Dancing was art and religion in one to Isadora, yet she despised and condemned contemporary ballet for its restrictive, forced unnaturalness, as she saw it. She devised a dance through which she did her best to interpret her philosophy to the world, and had the courage which takes exhibitionism into the realms of example.

Born in 1878, in San Francisco, Isadora Duncan learned early in her life to regard marriage as one of those purposeless conventions to whose destruction she was to dedicate herself, for her parents were unhappily married and parted shortly after she was born.

Her mother's influence and encouragement, and her own talent, launched her on a career often steeped in triumph but also stained in disaster; to some she was an apostle of a new art form, to others, mostly in her own country, she seemed a ludicrous comedienne with whom no one laughed, but at whom the clumsy sallies of macaroni wit were limply cast by those who did not try to understand. She has written her name into the pages of this century as one of its significant women; in just under three decades she undulated her way from ecstatic hope, sincerity and defiance to the threshold of degradation, an alcoholic wreck beached on a vestige of dignity.

When she was 18, Isadora, accompanied by her mother, set out for Chicago. By this time, Isadora's belief that marriage was a state of privilege for the husband and for the wife drudgery, had solidified. She faced life with virginal intensity, certain that she was right, that she would tread the milky way to a golden destiny. She sought work, finding none; she and her mother were soon forced to live on tomatoes, which rapidly grew scarce in the Duncan household.

Mrs Duncan encouraged her daughter vigorously, holding up as usual the Ancient Greeks, though not perhaps the Spartans, as models of perfection. Isadora was to worship at the altars of Dionysius, to bring the untrammelled grace and power of classical Greek thought to the American scene, symbolizing it in her dancing.

Before despair had had too much of an opportunity to rot ambition, Isadora was offered a part by one of America's top impresarios, Augustin Daley. She entered the cast of Midsummer's Dream, a pantomime, and went with it to New York. With her mother and two brothers she took rooms on West 189th Street, about 150 blocks from the theatre.

Having little money, she had to walk this distance to and from the theatre every day, and spent every lunch-time curled up asleep in one of its boxes.

However, Isadora's sincerity in her theories of the dance had impressed Daley sufficiently to add his encouragement to that of her family; thus in 1898 she made her solo début on the New York stage.

This was a great tribute to her courage, for the audience consisted largely of formidable matrons belonging to New York's exclusive "four hundred"; one can imagine Isadora's supreme confidence as she proceeded to outrage the invisible eyes behind the rows of lorgnettes gleaming in the footlights.

The event was a commemoration of the death of Omar Khayyam, whose gentle, fatalistic philosophy would perhaps have found it difficult to appreciate the notices accorded his commemorator.

Under twin headings: "A Soulful Function" and "Legs in Disfavour,"

(*continued overleaf*)

a newspaper of the day said: "Why did some New York women leave the Omar show? A celebration of the great poet's birthday at the Lyceum Theatre bids fair to result in the splitting up of New York society. Little did Khayyam know when he died a thousand years ago that the deferred obsequies would bring such disaster."

"Upon Isadora's entrance, with her bare arms and legs, a matron arose and with a horrified stare, left the house. She was followed by a bunch of vestals, and within a few minutes as many as 40 of them had left the theatre. The women who stayed were critical and jeerful of the white-souled contingent that had departed." The newspapers go on to remark dryly: "What boots it that most of them were scraggy and the rest, not to seek too long for a word, were fat?"

A male, among those remaining in the theatre, was the newly rich Phil Armour, the meat-packer from Chicago who, we are told, was a "connoisseur of food products and high art." He was so impressed by Isadora that he became positively lyrical, saying that she was "as sweet as one of them beechnut hams."

Later in her career, a French critic was to say that she danced as water flowed, and as birds sing.

From West 189th Street, the Duncan family moved to more commodious quarters at the Waldorf Astoria, where they gave a performance called The Happier Age of Gold. This was held under the patronage of 67 ladies from the more stratospheric reaches of society in New York, San Francisco, Tuxedo and Chicago.

The papers as usual were not too flattering. "Assisted by her large Mama, in a blue gown which was both monstrous and unnatural in diameter, and her younger brother kindly distributing strophes from Ovid in the background, Isadora Duncan gave for the first time in New York some idylls from Theocritus and Birne done into Dance under the name of 'Happier Age of Gold.'

"Miss Duncan recently lost her wardrobe in the Windsor Hotel fire, which probably accounts for, and excuses, the fact that her sole costume of yesterday consisted of a species of surgical bandage of gauze and satin of the hue of a raspberry ice. As the dancer illustrated the bridal of Helen, or the burial of Adonis, the audience, with its tortured soul, gazed upon one another and blushed or giggled. When the dance was finished there was a sigh of relief that Miss Duncan's bandages hadn't fallen off, and Miss Duncan was solemnly kissed by the sixty-seven as they filed upon the stage." The paper adds: "They wished her success in introducing the 'Happier Age of Gold' into London drawing-rooms in May. Miss Duncan is fully determined on this reckless course, which is sad considering that we are at peace with England at present."

So, in spite of the newspapers' caustic field-days, a Duncan performance like a bugle sounding the call to verbal strafing, the Duncans set sail for Europe. Their canvass among New York's rich yielded after exhaustive persuasion the sum of 300 dollars; just before they left America Isadora's brother Augustin became engaged, which the rest considered an unpardonable defection.

Perhaps the dismal lowing of some cattle tethered for'ard reflected the Duncan mood; fortunately, England arrived before disenchantment with their adventure. Isadora and Raymond during the ensuing weeks spent most of their time in the British Museum.

Here they studied Greek vases, Etruscan poses, the stylised beauties of decoration on urns. Isadora, deciding to experiment with some of the poses, proceeded to dance solo in a private London square, but one afternoon, finding herself watched, walked up to the spectator who turned out to be Mrs Patrick Campbell.

The actress and the dancer liked each other; Mrs Campbell launched Isadora into London's drawing-rooms. Success unaccompanied by derogatory comments, a seeping sense of fulfilment, then off to Paris, to meet Rodin, and to try to lose her virginity with a handsome blonde young gallant.

His gallantry rebelled when he found that the lady he had thought experienced turned out to be a virgin; his rapture swiftly evaporated, he rushed into his clothes, and, to Isadora's disgust, instead of being a conquest she was not even partially laid waste.

When, years later, her non-ravisher met her again, he apologized profusely for his effrontery; Isadora did not know what he was talking about and in any case would have deemed his apology misplaced.

From Paris, Isadora travelled to Berlin, where she joined a strange troupe of women who worshipped their leader, a woman who liked to pose with her nymphs around her, stroking her and paying her homage. One of them, a red-haired girl whose excessive solicitude for everyone earned her the title of Nursey, nearly ended Isadora's career. Convinced that the tall, dark girl was an incarnation of evil, Nursey, who shared a bedroom with her, slipped out of bed one night and proceeded to try to strangle her. Isadora managed to break free and fled down the hotel corridor.

Leaving the troupe, she went to Budapest at the invitation of the impresario Alexander Gross. It was in the then gay, Strauss-like city that the career of Isadora Duncan was really founded. Soon, crowds battled to see her dance, students unharnessed the horses from her landau and pulled her home themselves after each performance, and Budapest became her shrine. In Budapest, too, she fell in love.

The man she loved was an actor, a blazing Balkan whom she called Romeo. Her passion for him reciprocated, and one night she was at last relieved of the burden of her virginity. She summed up her impressions of that night: "I felt ill and dizzy, while an irresistible longing to press him closer and closer surged in me. Losing all control and falling into a fury, he carried me to the couch. Frightened and ravished with ecstasy, the full realization of sex was made clear to me. I confess my first impressions were a horrible fright and terrible pain, like having many teeth pulled out at once, but a great pity for what he seemed to be suffering prevented me from running away. It was at first sheer mutilation and torture. I'm afraid I gave the public a very bad performance the following evening." However, she adds she soon knew what heaven on earth was.

With her usual abandon, she gave up dancing for a few weeks and devoted herself to her Romeo. They travelled about Hungary and forgot everyone but each other, until love began to battle with ambition. Romeo wanted Isadora to give up her career, he was jealous of her. Isadora loved Romeo, but she loved her career also. Eventually, they parted. The parting made Isadora so ill that she eventually had to go into a hospital, where Romeo visited her, but both were immovable. Finally, Isadora returned to Germany, where her dancing achieved such success that, although by this time she was only 25, it was decided to build a $250,000 theatre for her to dance in. In 1904, she was invited by Cosima Wagner, widow of the composer, to dance Tannhaüser at the Bayreuth Festival. While staying at Bayreuth, Isadora met Heinz Thode, an intellectual who had a powerful influence over her. She loved him, but it was an ethereal love, mostly of the mind, a strange, floating amoeba of a love which was only vaguely physical. Thode exerted an influence over her for months.

In 1905, Isadora's brother Raymond insisted on a pilgrimage to Greece. The Duncans were to travel in as primitive a way as possible to the hero-land, and when there would build a Dionysian temple to Terpsichory.

To the utter astonishment of the modern Greeks, the three American Ancient Greeks, Isadora, Raymond and Augustin Duncan, with his reluctant wife, set about building the temple. It was Isadora's intention to dance in the temple when the Olympic games were next held.

However, although the Duncans became such celebrities that their meals had to be served to them in private, the temple never rose more than a few feet from the ground, the location being badly chosen and funds running out, Isadora resumed her dancing in Western Europe. She founded a dancing school in a chateau at Neuilly.

She believed that children could learn to go through life in harmony and delight, pleasing and being pleased, if they learned her dancing philosophy young enough. Accordingly, she required that children coming to her should be between six- and nine-years-old, and must remain until they were 20. They must be physically fit and attractive, and their tuition must come entirely from her private fortune—not even the child of a millionaire could pay fees. America found it almost impossible to believe that children would be educated, fed and clothed from childhood to maturity without obligation from parents or guardians.

The children spent the morning in dancing and three hours of the afternoon was devoted to books. When the weather permitted, the dancing was done out of doors. "All nature," said Isadora, "had a message for the artist. The swaying of the trees, the flying clouds, the turbulent waves were lessons in harmony and rhythm to the observant child." She gave them breakfast at eight, consisting of milk, cocoa or chocolate and a cereal. Luncheon consisted of rice, spaghetti, plenty of

fruit and green vegetables. Dinner was early and the children were allowed a main dish of cheese and spaghetti. Meat was allowed twice a week, candy was taboo.

Among the children were Isadora's own, Patrick and Deidre. She adored them. One was the result of a love affair between Isadora and Gordon Craig, Ellen Terry's son, when she left the theatre where she was engaged to dance and slept for two weeks on the floor of Craig's studio. As Romeo had done, he wanted Isadora to give up her career and live with him. "Stop waving your arms about and come and sharpen my pencil," he told her. Regretfully, she declined. He was to describe her, in a late autobiography issued in 1957, as "always calm. She had no vanity and no cleverness, in the worst sense. She had little or no understanding of the Arts, but a great comprehension of Nature and perhaps overmuch ambition."

Isadora's other child was the result of her union with a man she adored, and whom she called Lohengrin. Lohengrin's first seduction of her she describes in enthusiastic terms: "He had a strange, gloomy apartment in the Place des Vosges. He took me there to a Louis XIVth bed, where he fairly ate me alive and smothered me with caresses. There for the first time I knew what the nerves and senses could be transformed to: I became a quivering mass of responsive senses in the hands of an expert voluptuary. Like a flock of goats cropping the soft hillside, so his kisses grazed over me, and I felt as though a thousand mouths were devouring me." He was the heir to the Singer Sewing-machine fortune, and once offered to marry Isadora and buy Madison Square Garden for her as a dancing school. She accepted, but flirted with a young boy at a party so that Lohengrin was enraged, slapped her face, and would have nothing more to do with her for over a decade.

Her children went everywhere with Isadora, to Egypt, all over Europe, sitting in their box, during her performances Deidre and Patrick, watching their mother dance.

In 1909, Isadora returned to America under the management of Charles Frohman, choosing for her initial performance a series of Greek dances and choruses. She was known by then as the bare-foot dancer. She was well received. Critics wrote that her dancing was full of grace and charm, of the mad abandon of the woodland followers of Pan, the gaiety of childhood. On November 28, 1908, Isadora told a reporter that Boston was Bacchic. "Let the women of Boston don their golden sandals and diaphanous draperies, and go out and dance on the common in the moonlight." She sipped her drink, relaxed in her suite at the Hotel Tourraine. "I look forward to the day," she went on "when I shall lead the maidens of Boston, all in white, with dandelions in their hair, round Boston Common in the spring." Years later, embittered and frantic, she was to glare at the row of pseudo-Greek statues at the back of a hall in Boston and cry out: "You think that those are real. Fakes, hypocrites, only this is real!" And she would wrench the bare breast from her veils and gesture with it at her audience.

Just before one of her performances in 1909, Isadora gave a vivid demonstration of temperament. She was to appear, with Walter Damrosch conducting, at the Columbus Memorial Hall. But when she looked over the hall, which contained 4,000 people, she decided she would not dance or do anything Greek in the building. She wanted a theatre. Management ranted and pleaded. At five o'clock, arrangements were made to transfer the dancer and orchestra to the Southern Theatre. One thousand five hundred people saw Isadora dance, 2,500 got their money back.

A year later, the newspapers reported that Pittsburgh, city of "immaculate purity," was among the latest places to be shocked by Isadora Duncan. A despatch from the city told of a bevy of protesting Sunday School teachers, who confronted the Arts Council. The spokesman of this "puritocracy" asked if Miss Duncan were going to dance in bare feet. She did, a paper remarking that, without supposedly having seen her bare calf, the clergy had denounced it as golden.

She danced with the Metropolitan Opera in New York to the music of the New York Symphony Orchestra. On February 20, 1911, she danced at Carnegie Hall. Boxes were worth from six to seven guineas, reserved seats from a guinea.

In 1913, Isadora, together with 15 of her school who had been touring with her, went back to Europe. According to her she had spent $2,000 of her last $3,000 on Easter lillies for her audience: newspaper reports speak of the audience being overwhelmed and bowed down by the oppressive scent of the blossoms. A banquet costing $1,000 amply took care of the rest of the funds, and Isadora and her charges waited near the quayside for something to happen. A schoolteacher, unknown to Isadora, came up and offered her life's savings to the dancer, so that the group could get to Europe. Graciously, Isadora accepted the money and they went on board.

They had not been back in France very long when, one afternoon, Isadora decided to send Patrick and Deidre out with the chauffeur and their Scottish governess, Miss Syme. Just by the Seine, the car broke down. The chauffeur got out to crank it, the motor started, and the car, in gear, rolled back into the river. The water closed over it, and the children and their governess were drowned.

For weeks, months, it was feared that Isadora would lose her sanity. She could not believe that her children were dead, she could not believe that, after what had happened to her, any other children in the world might remain alive. For the rest of her life she would be unable to bear for long children in the same room with her, but would rush out, weeping.

Finally, nearly a year after the death of her children, Isadora went to Capri. Carefully selecting a young man for his beauty, she seduced him, praying for a child by him. She had one, but it was stillborn.

War came but could inject little feeling into her life at first. She was utterly numb, she sat in despair, day after day, week after week. She gave her dancing school at Neuilly to be a hospital, and sent 17 girls and one boy to America. Then she acquired a large red shawl and with it danced the Marseillaise.

Crying inside at the deaths of her children, crying with rage at the abominations of war, she set out to interpret them, in the dance.

Through France and England she danced, the red shawl swirling, the brave strains of the Marseillaise accompanying her.

On October 9, 1915, a despatch from Athens stated that Isadora Duncan, the American dancer, had made a daring effort to arouse pro-Venizelos and pro-Allied enthusiasm in that city. Clad in the robes of Ancient Greece, she danced from her hotel to the Venizelos home. Barely a hundred enthusiasts followed her. Thoroughly disgusted, Isadora returned to her hotel and seclusion.

She came back to France, where we hear of her, at an exposition of haute couture in a salon, protesting against the new French fashions. "No Frenchwoman will wear the absurdities, invested to lure the vulgar snobbery of Newport, Rhode Island. Imagine my horror on seeing a girl appear, flat-chested, her body cut short in a species of upside-down sunshade. At first," she continues, "I thought it was some isolated error, but a pitiful procession followed. Horrible, unaesthetic, infamous!" my indignation made me exclaim, but happily no Frenchwoman will appear in such robes. And in fact, they didn't—New Yorkers wore them mostly, and indeed, they harmonize with the architecture of that town."

The war over, a strange collection of people gathered in Europe. In France, a large expatriate Russian colony grew up. There were rich American women whose husbands paid them a fortune to keep away from the States, there was a woman whose lover committed suicide after she had over-possessed him to the point of stifling him, and then exclaimed: "He had no sense of proportion, you know." There was the Russian who, we are told, "had a head so small that you knew the brain inside it could only differentiate between a dollar and a franc, and whose wide shoulders sloped down to a waist so slender you wondered what he sat on. His speciality was contriving a lover's quarrel with his American mistress, then shooting himself in some harmless spot and refusing to accept anything less than a gold cigarette case as compensation."

There was Barbitsky, who wore spectacles with three lenses and when asked: "Why three lenses?" snapped: "Why two?" He also achieved fame by building a wooden manservant. And there was Robert Chanler, the painter, an Astor on his mother's side of the family, who had a huge mansion in Gramercy Square and slept in a genuine Viking galley under a colossal mirror. There were no doors in the house, as he liked to see what was going on. He filled the house with itinerant artists, and soon New York's petty crooks, easels under their arms, took refuge in the house whenever they were being sought by the police, knowing that Chanler, with his soft spot for artists, would accommodate them.

Isadora moved through this weird aquarium, viewing the world about her through a gin bottle. Her handsomeness began to evaporate, although as Christian Berard said of her in 1925, when she was middle-aged and fat, "I never saw such movement in my life."

After her children's death, Isadora had sworn never to ride in a closed

car, but financial necessity made her accept rides in her friends' limousines. She was recklessly extravagant, and would frequently, having sought money everywhere from friends, tip a musician or waiter at a bar the entire sum, in front of the outraged creditor. As she explained: "I never give less than 10 francs."

A committee of friends, pledged to organise Isadora's debts so as to maintain her school at Neuilly, gave up when they heard she had attempted suicide; actually, she had merely walked into the sea as a gesture. Later, she managed to persuade them to carry on, and the house was never sold in her lifetime.

Isadora became obscure, sometimes lacking the money even for a room in the dingiest hotel. A Paris couturier was to give her the credit for modern female dress, the abolition of corsets and freedom of movement. Isadoran dance camps flourished in the Catskills and the Diaghileff Ballet, which ironically enough owed its rebirth to the inspiration of Isadora, became an exotic spectacle in London and Monte Carlo. *Dance Magazine* said of her: "With her heroic sculptural movements Isadora Duncan has dropped by the wayside, where she lies inert like one of those beautiful, battered pagan tombs, still on the road between Elieusus and the Parthenon."

But she was not dead yet. Going to Russia, which had been sympathetic to the idea of a Duncan School of Dancing in Moscow, she set out to try to persuade the Soviets to give her money to form it.

In Moscow she met disaster in the person of Serge Essenine, a mad poet. According to a contemporary, the poet Marienkof, Isadora arrived at a party in Moscow some time after midnight. "She was wearing a Greek peplum, with stripes of pink and white over her soft thick body. She advanced with smooth and dainty steps, embracing the whole gathering with soft, velvety eyes. When her eyes met Essenine's, she stopped. She smiled angelically, went straight to him and thrust her fingers into his crop of curly, well-tended hair. She spoke to him a few of the Russian words that she knew: Golden Hair. For a moment she kissed him full on the lips, saying "Angel." Her eyes swept the room and she shuddered. The rest of us melted away, leaving these two alone. We had an excited debate among ourselves. "Will she seize him, will he live with her?" We thought the odds were that she would lead him away; we looked for them the next day at Essenine's flat, in the Hotel Delashawski. In a band, we went down the narrow crooked dirty street to the hotel. We entered tarnished rooms in doubtful Empire style. On the floor were strewn pell-mell the contents of dozens of yawning suitcases, all travel-worn and mostly in bad repair.

There were old and crumpled clothes, old gowns, silks, tattered bath-robes. Isadora Duncan rose and smiled wanly into a mirror. She panted. "Rotten room! Rotten! Rotten!" Then she pointed down to the threadbare carpet, foot-cushions covered with mangy fur, raised her arms shudderingly at the electric light globe, the ceiling which was shaded by a piece of tawdry cloth. She hated electric light. It made her look 50.

It made her look 50, but she was only 44. Essenine was 27. They were married in May, 1922. Isadora, who had refused to marry the men she had adored, because she did not believe in marriage, now married the epileptic young poet Essenine. Unless she had done so, she would have been unable to bring him to America with her. America was beckoning.

It was really Pavlova who brought Isadora back to America. Pavlova's impresario was Sol Hurok, and it was to Hurok that Isadora had sent a cable asking him to arrange an American tour for her. He showed the cable to Pavlova in her dressing-room. "Bring her over, she is a wonderfully talented woman," Pavlova said.

Isadora arrived on the liner *Paris* with her husband. Such money as she had had he had wheedled or bullied out of her, spending it all on himself. He was arrogant, secure in his fame as a poet in Russia. Reporters boarded the liner at New York. "Are you a Red?" they asked Isadora, who was mute with fury. She had thought nothing of the political side of Russia, only of the artistic. Russia was sympathetic to the idea of an art school. Russia was an artistic country, therefore it was a good country. She and Essenine were slammed into Ellis Island detention cells. When they were released, they put up at the old Waldorf Astoria, on Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. In a fit of fury one night at being locked into the suite by Isadora, who was afraid of him, Essenine pushed a grand piano over the verandah into the street 14 storeys below. He was bailed out of jail.

On another occasion, the Yiddish Poets' Society invited Essenine to address them. He accepted, and Isadora insisted on going with him to the home of the poet who was the Society's President. Everyone made much of the dancer; Essenine frothed with jealous fury. She was trying to steal his thunder. He pounced on her and ripped her dress. Weeping at the disrespect they had to show him, his hosts managed to tie him up with a clothes-line while Isadora was escorted back to the hotel.

Her marriage to Essenine lasted until February, 1924, when she obtained a Soviet divorce from him. He later married Tolstoy's granddaughter, but finished up by slashing his wrists in Red Square. He bequeathed his life-blood to Isadora.

Although she could have claimed Essenine's estate, there having been some confusion regarding the validity of his marriage to Tolstoy's granddaughter, Isadora declined to sue for what was a considerable fortune in royalties. She preferred to go hungry, in Nice. She was plagued, suffocated by debt. She had a studio, at one end of which hung the blue drapes which had accompanied her throughout her career. There was a stage, on which spectators sat to watch Isadora dance at the other end.

Sometimes, however, it was a moot point as to who was watching whom, who was the performer and who the audience; a deputation of American magazine officials put on a squalid show when they came to offer Isadora $50,000 for her memoirs.

Isadora knew that they were after an exposé rather than an autobiography; hating them, proud, hungry, she would not have yielded had not friends pointed out that pride in the face of starvation was more noble than practical.

She set down her autobiography as she remembered it, or wanted to remember it, and sent it off. Then she met a young Italian in a Corniche restaurant.

He was a good-looking young man. Isadora is said to have gone up to him and said: "You are God." She expressed an interest in his Bugatti. She mentioned that she might buy one. The Italian, who turned out to be a mechanic for Bugattis, was embarrassed but suggested a demonstration run. Isadora told him where she lived.

Five newspapers give five different accounts of what happened on that morning of November 14, 1927. A woman who knew Isadora and claimed to be her friend wrote that, as Isadora climbed into the car, she waved and shouted: "Je vais à la gloire!" She was wearing the red shawl that so many audiences had seen when she danced the Marseillaise.

The driver accelerated, just as a gust of wind grabbed Isadora's shawl and tossed it into the spokes of the rear wheel. She was instantly strangled, her head slammed against the side of the car and her neck broken.

So died Isadora Duncan, and her qualities of vast compassion, independence, courage. Certainly she deserved a brave funeral, a bugle's reedy blessing, the gruff asseveration of a drum.

But the American flags which hung everywhere, limp under a blue sky, were not for Isadora, but for American Legion Day.

Raymond Duncan preceded the funeral cortège, wearing a Greek toga, long hair over his neck. Isadora's body, which had given such pleasure, had aroused so much controversy, so much delight, slipped into the crematorium, where Marie Desty, self-acclaimed friend of Isadora, watched it emerge as ashes.

She wrote: "Isadora's ashes were beautiful, and their tracery somehow resembled the form of her dance. The smoke was white against a clear sky."

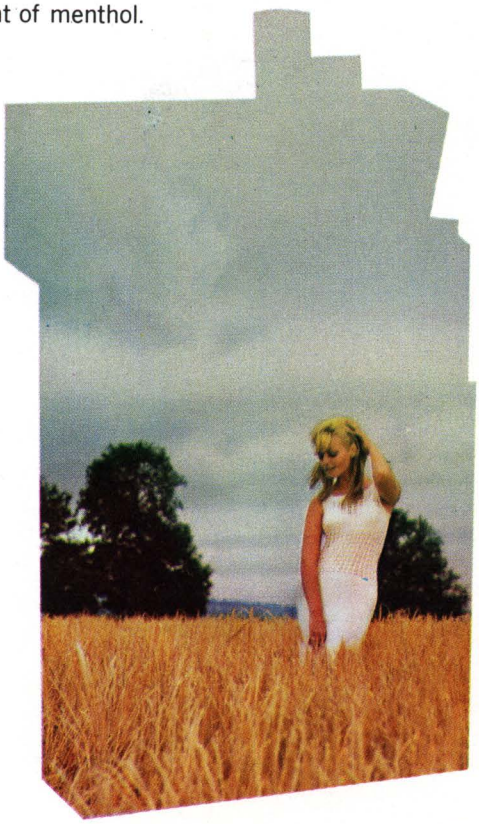
Dance Magazine had written of Isadora in January, 1927: "Isadora was dancing again like a ghost from the grave. To-day, the Attic body whose splendour brought Greece to Kansas and Kalamazoo is approaching its half-century mark. The flesh is worn, perhaps with laurels, but her spirit is still green as a bay tree. Duse and Bernhardt have gone to their elaborate national tombs; only Isadora Duncan, the youngest of the trilogy of great females our century has so far produced, remains wandering the European earth. No one has taken her place in her own country, and she is not missed."

Rebellion of a personal nature expires in the vacuum of non-opposition in to-day's world; yet where people strive for principles, and suffer contempt for doing so, where the incandescent eye denotes not the fanatic but the artist, there from the void flickers the approving smile of Isadora Duncan.

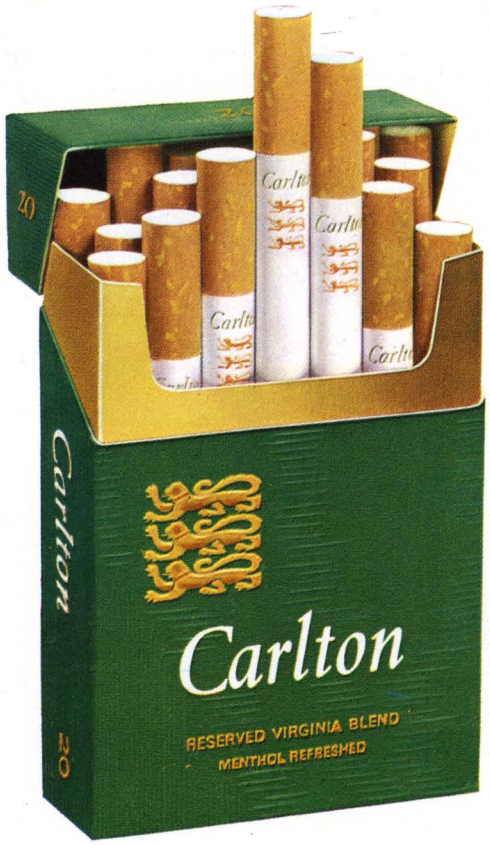
Cool it with Carlton

first menthol cigarette that's big in tobacco flavour.

Gently refreshing with just a hint of menthol.



Giant tobacco enjoyment with the satisfying flavour of reserved Virginia.



NEW
CARLTON
5/3 for a cool twenty.

PCA. 7.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and correspondents alike discuss topics of general interest to the PENTHOUSE reader. Any reasonable subject, whether directly related to actual articles or stories appearing in PENTHOUSE or not, will be considered for discussion in these columns.
Whilst every effort is made to encourage and promote a cross-section of readership opinion, the views expressed in these columns are not necessarily those of the publisher, his editors or staff.

Corporal Punishment

In December, 1961, PARENTS MAGAZINE published a reader's letter concerned with the caning of girls. This letter touched off a nation-wide controversy which did not subside until late in the Spring of 1962. PARENTS followed up with an objective and dispassionate article on Corporal Punishment by Professor John Cohen, whilst continuing to print an impressive selection of reader's reactions to the thrashing and caning of children and teenagers.

In PENTHOUSE *Vol. 1 - No. 3, reader J. Hudson, writing in reaction to R. E. L. Master's notes on the beating of girls in THE ANTI-SEX (Vol. 1 - No. 2) has touched off a similar controversy. The following is a further representative selection of readers' views for and against the various points made in Hudson's letter;*

Referring to J. Hudson's original letter, Clive J. Stafford ends . . . "I don't think anyone is likely to take notice of Hudson's obvious sadism, nor do I think his lewd demands for 'detail and technique' will be answered."

Your letters are laden with "detail and technique" told not without some relish.

As for instruments of punishment the thin, light, flexible cane holds pride of place; but where, asks R. D. Baldwin, would one buy this? Mrs Helen Gray, however, says that "a riding-whip is a good substitute." Well! How formidable the ladies are. We must not forget the leather tawse, in two weights, one with two tails and one with three tails. In Scotland these tawses are, apparently, readily available from a saddler; and quite cheap.

Now there is an interesting sidelight on this business; two ladies have been punished by their husbands. As yet no husband has been punished by his wife! Shades of equality. This is a revelation, perhaps, yet to come. This revelation would take this charade to the three-quarter cycle of possibility.

What is so interesting to the sociologist is the strange ritual which the flagellators enact. Similar to, I believe, the birching drill at Eton. It is, or was, said to be thus: "Bring out the block. Hold him down. Lift up his shirt." Perhaps the anonymous Frenchman from Paris is right.

Is it really A.D. 1965?

John Mathieson,
Richmond, Surrey.

Your correspondent Mrs Joan Angus asks whether punishment on the seat is still permitted in girls' schools. I don't know whether it's officially "permitted" or not, but it certainly takes place, as I know to my cost. I should explain that I'm 17 and a member of the Lower Sixth in a Cornish Grammar School for girls. (I hope you'll understand if I don't name it more precisely.)

At our school corporal punishment can be administered by the form-mistress and the head-mistress. If you misbehave in another teacher's class, she can send you to your form-mistress for appropriate treatment, and if you've done something really bad the form-mistress can send you to the head's study.

Form-mistresses are allowed to administer smackings with the hand or a gym slipper; usually you tuck up your gymslip and bend over their lap. The most I've ever had was six with the slipper and about 10 with the hand. We're only punished on the seat of our knickers: nowhere else is permitted. (Incidentally, the use of hairbrushes is forbidden. Someone wrote to your magazine saying that the hairbrush was fit only for use on the behinds of very young children. This is just silly: a hairbrush hurts your bottom more than anything else, as I can testify, since Mummy used one on my uncovered sit-me-down last year.) I moved to my present school three years ago, and in that time I've had four spankings from my form-mistress. We're always spanked in private, after school. Between ourselves, it doesn't hurt very much. What's awful is that everyone knows you've had to be put across teacher's knee like a little baby. There are all sorts of jokes afterwards—people offer you cushions to sit on for days, etc.

The head-mistress is the only one who's allowed to cane us. She keeps a long curly-handled bamboo stick hanging in her cupboard, and when you're up for a caning you fetch it for her, lift your skirt at the back, and kneel on her sofa with your head well down. Minimum is one stroke, maximum six. Often (if she thinks you've been specially wicked) she makes you pull your knicks up tight so that you get the cane on bare bottom rather than knicker. Canings are pretty rare—most girls only get one or two in their whole school careers, and lots never get it. But my goodness, it stings! I got two last term for smuggling raw cider into class. The beak kept me waiting on the sofa for several minutes with my bum embarrassingly displayed, then walked slowly over, told me to pull my knicks up (which I obediently did), lectured me for a moment or two on the perils of drink, and then SWISH! down came stroke number one, to be followed an eternity later by stroke number two. I showed the stripes to the rest of the class after P.T. and they were two long ridges already turning purple. I examined them every morning and evening, and it was nearly a week before they'd gone.

Do I mind being spanked and caned? Yes and no. It's an insult to one's dignity as a mature teen-ager, of course, and the cane really hurts, but on the other hand it's over quickly and it's less wearisome than having to write a six-page essay on something stupid or having to stay in. But I'm thoroughly opposed to bare-bottom punishments, except very rarely and only in the home by one's mother. I think teachers who make girls remove their panties to be smacked should be locked up.

S. A. (Miss),
London, N.W.6.

Your writer Mr Mathieson is quite wrong when he says that girls are not beaten on the Continent.

I am a German au-pair girl and in my own experience and that of my friends I can assure him that in my country the cane is used far more frequently and severely than it is here.

Usually a girl must bend over with her skirts up and the blows often fall just above the top of her stockings, which as Mrs Gray says, can be very painful. This is not due to inaccuracy, however, as most of our mistresses could make each blow land on the same spot, which, after the eighth stroke was agony. There was a long pause between each blow and if we moved, the fore blow did not count.

It was very painful but we knew what to expect. If I had complained to my mother it would only have meant another beating with a whippy cane carpet beater, this time without my pants.

Anna Bauer,
Haverstock Hill,
Hampstead.

My husband must be one of your most ardent supporters. More than once I've heard him say that PENTHOUSE is the only man's magazine worth buying. At his insistence, may I offer my contribution to the controversy touched off by Mr Hudson. I feel there is one vital question that remains unsolved by the otherwise excellent letters submitted by your readers.

It is apparent that Mr Hudson finds that the behaviour of his teenage daughters is becoming intolerable and he contemplates introducing corporal punishment in his home. But it is equally clear that he has not

used that form of discipline before. That being so, if he now suddenly proposes to cane his daughters, he will certainly court disaster. It will be very surprising if the girls are not openly defiant and if he persists, he will incur their everlasting deep resentment. Mr H. himself envisages that probability by asking, "How should a reluctant teenager be persuaded to submit to a caning?" I can offer a practical solution, based on personal experience.

We have three girls, aged 17, twins of 15 and a boy of 10. When one of them does something wrong that cannot really be overlooked (particularly after a "final" warning has been disregarded) I give them the option of the loss of some cherished privilege or a caning. Mr H. will be interested to learn that for the past four years the "option" system has been followed. All three girls have almost invariably "opted" for the cane in preference to losing their pocket money or missing one of their endless parties. (Mrs Helen Gray's letter bears this out.) It's just as well the girls don't often prefer to miss a party, because it makes them moody, snappy and resentful. The boy is not quite so constant in his choice, but he does sometimes choose a caning.

To deal categorically with the "important questions of detail"—

(1) To my mind, the normal school cane is far too heavy, thick and rigid. My husband, on one of his business trips to Singapore, brought me a more suitable type. It is 3 ft long, ¼ in. thin, light and very pliable, with a curved handle.

(2) I am not in favour of "graded" punishments for lesser offences, e.g., three strokes or half pocket money. I feel that the offence must be serious enough to merit six strokes, or its equivalent; below that no punishment should be awarded at all. On the other hand, the need for an extra two or three strokes should be a very rare occurrence indeed.

(3) A long chest (for blankets) stands along the foot of our bed. The defaulter having made her own choice, kneels on the padded bed, pulls down her pants and bends over, placing her elbows on the counterpane. I give her six brisk strokes across her bare posterior, taking care not to be unduly severe but sufficiently stinging to cause the girl to continue rubbing her buttocks at odd moments for the rest of the day. I remember how, in my own teens, I used to do exactly the same thing after I had had a caning from my mother!

Ruth Marshall,
London, W.4.

I have been interested in the two opposite views expressed by your correspondents on the subject of beating girls.

What are the probable after-results of frequent beatings? Do these girls find they require this treatment when they become adult, from boy friends or husbands?

Conversely, what was the childhood background of those women who permit themselves to be beaten or whipped in clubs, sometimes in front of an audience? The evidence from an investigation along these lines would surely provide better advice to future parents than the unsubstantiated opinions expressed in your columns.

R. H.,
Folkestone, Kent.

Wife Spanking

I was interested to read the letters on the chastisement of teenage girls and thought *Penthouse Forum* might be interested in a reader's views from across the Channel.

Corporal Punishment, widely used in French families some 50 years ago, has become quite obsolete outside the nursery. Today's parents are much too busy making money and relaxing evenings in front of their latest model T.V. set while the little darlings are wrecking theatres and throwing sex-parties. It is a fact: the French teenage girl ignores the sharp feeling of wood or leather on her bottom.

So we are turning out a generation of provoking, utterly irresponsible, ill-mannered, childish women expected to become excellent wives and mothers at the touch of a magic wand. Result: we have in France today a widespread wave of—wife spanking!

When a man marries a 22-year-old spoiled child who flatly refuses housekeeping and is in her tantrums every odd morning, he may well act like a good friend of mine: as the young lady stayed deaf to reason, he decided to bring her to her senses. On a bright and sunny morning, after a fit of temper, Madame was turned over the marital knee with her nightdress lifted and spanked good and hard on her bare bottom like a naughty child. She was then escorted to the kitchen where hubby tied an apron around her waist, showed her the sink with the dishes piled, and kissed her good-day, saying, "Now, cherie, I want this place spick and span when I come home tonight, otherwise you have another spanking coming before going to bed."

The house was cleaned all right when he returned.

This is not an isolated case. I have shown your reader's letters to friends and found them all interested, women as well as men, most of them in favour of corporal punishment for girls and young women. All you have to do is observe the public's reaction when a young and pretty culprit gets a spanking on the cinema!

Last year, the leading French women's magazine "Elle" published series of letters on the chastisement of young wives and the controversy started seemed well to prove the increase of this practice in France. Where parents give up discipline, husbands have to take over! . . . Can you blame them?

Bernard Klein,
St Germaine-en-Laye, France.

Although I have not unfortunately read previous issues of PENTHOUSE, I have just seen the letter from Mrs H. F. B. of Fareham in VOL. 1, NO. 5 issue of your most excellent magazine. This lady confesses to having been spanked with what appears to be consistent regularity by her husband, and yet who still quite obviously retains complete love for him in spite of it.

There must be many wives, both young and old, who willingly submit to this painful punishment at the hands of their husbands in the privacy of their homes and this letter may provoke letters from "fellow-sufferers" on this interesting subject.

Needless to say, as a young wife of 25, I am regularly spanked on my bare bottom by my husband who uses my hairbrush or a very thin whippy cane, but if I can keep his love and affection, I will put up with it and quite honestly I now look forward to my weekly spanking.

P. F. (Mrs),
Blackpool,
Lancs.

My husband and I agree as to the efficacy of domestic discipline in the case of teen-age girls, but we go even further and advocate its use even later.

We would never suggest a return to the old system of judicial whipping of women, but as a domestic affair in the privacy of the home there is much to be said for it.

Our daughter, Pat, is now 24 and in her case corporal punishment certainly did not cease when she left her teens. She does not need it so often now, but, even so, she has been punished ten times in the last three years.

Now I want to say quite frankly that, in her ready acceptance of, and submission to, chastisement, Pat is undoubtedly influenced by the knowledge, which she has had since she was about 15, that her mother is also liable for correction. Right from the beginning of our married life my husband has kept me under reasonably strict discipline and applied corporal punishment in various forms when necessary. I would certainly not have it otherwise, because I am quite convinced that this has been one of the major factors in our achievement of a perfectly happy marriage. John is not a bully nor a typical "wife-beater," but he has never hesitated to give me painful attention when I have deserved it, and I have always accepted punishment because I know that every time I have deserved it, because it has always been just, and because it is given me by the man I love and who, I know, loves me.

I am just 46, and, I think, look younger. I have been caned six times in the last three years, the last time only a week ago. I need not specify the fault, but it was one for which I knew I deserved to be punished, and I should have been surprised if my husband had not sentenced me to the expected whipping. I prepared in exactly the same way as Pat has to, and my offence was expiated by the infliction of a dozen smart (and smarting!) cuts on my bare bottom. My daughter, by no means for the

first time, saw me receive my punishment.

Pat is now engaged to be married and her fiancé has been made aware of the system of discipline in use in our home. In a serious discussion John and I have recommended him to continue the discipline to which Pat is accustomed, and I think it speaks volumes for the success of the system that Pat has said quite frankly that, as a married woman, she will be quite prepared to "bare and bend" for correction when she deserves it. She has even suggested that her fiancé should be invited to be present next time she is whipped to enable him to get some idea of how severely to use the cane.

Helen Noble,
Bootle, Lancs.

As a sideline to your readers' letters in VOL. 1, NO. 5, I write to say that as a young wife recently gone to live in the country I one night met a young husband who was cutting a switch from a roadside shrub. I, in all innocence, asked if it was to keep his dog in order, and he laughed and said it was for teaching lessons to his wife!

A few nights later my own newly acquired husband went for an evening stroll and I discovered the nature of the lesson to be learned.

This it seems is common practice in the rural areas and as your correspondent from Paris observes leads to normal relations and the female bottom is fortunately amply resilient.

However, your correspondent from Bristol who says, where would one buy a light cane for the chastisement of children, must be joking. Nature, sometimes alas, all too abundantly provides.

J. M. (Mrs),
Hawley, Kent.

My father died when I was six. Although I loved and respected my mother, I was occasionally insolent to her, and she was unable to discipline me. One year when I, then 15, was making an annual visit to a schoolfriend, Jane, she and I were very rude to Jane's father. He told me that either he would give me the same punishment as Jane received, or I must return home immediately. I said that I would take the punishment. I received six lashes across my unprotected bottom from a leather strap, and screamed at all six. I was unable to sit in comfort for three days, yet there were no marks and no embarrassment.

The following day, Jane's father telephoned my mother and described what had happened. I think I can truthfully say that I was never rude to her again.

Years later, when I had been married for three years, I deliberately, in a fit of temper, destroyed my husband's cherished stamp albums. When I realised what I had done, I led him upstairs, removed my skirt, slip and pants, and told him he must beat me. He did, with a moccasin, and has done half-a-dozen times since, always with my consent. These beatings have given me no sexual pleasure—only a great deal of deserved pain. They have curtailed days or even weeks of moodiness.

I now have three children, a son of 12, and girls of 15 and 18. The elder girl, received, last month, from my husband and in my presence, perhaps her fourth or fifth thrashing—four hard strokes of the cane on her naked bottom. As always she bore no resentment.

The truth is that corporal punishment inflicted upon an unprotected body at its safest point is, in its way, the most humane and enlightened of all punishments.

Jennifer Beaument (Mrs),
Barwick in Elmet, Nr Leeds.

Pubic Hair

As a reader and an admirer of PENTHOUSE I must congratulate you on issue NO. 5. It was outspoken and broadminded and to me most interesting. I was particularly interested in the correspondence dealing with that subject too often mentioned in whispers, pubic hair.

I feel I am an authority on this subject. For five years I was an artist's model as well as a photographer's model and now at the ripe old age of 29 I am a student artist. In those five years I always wondered why the law of the land prohibited the sight in pictures of pubic hair while the law does not prohibit underarm hair. Frankly I think the latter far from beautiful whereas pubic hair is not unsightly and somehow completes the picture. Everyone knows that all adults possess such hair and so those pictures seen in magazines where the photographer has retouched the model look quite ridiculous and unreal. As a model, of course, I grew so tired of trying to conceal pubic hairs that I did, as the majority of models do these days, remove every sign of it. Even so one was still instructed to place the hand in a certain position or cross one's legs or use a flimsy piece of material in case the picture might offend. How ridiculous and absurd and above all hypocritical. I say that if all photographers were permitted to show the pubic hair of lovely girls one would soon be as accustomed to seeing it as one does seeing their breasts and their nipples for that matter and after all those parts of our anatomy are surely just as private!

Elsa M. (Miss),
London.

I have just seen NO. 5 of PENTHOUSE and am delighted to see you have published my letter, which included my advice to one of your writers regarding pubic hair. I hope he will find a girl friend who has an abundance of it.

I should also like to take to task your letter-writer from Holland on the same matter of printing "photos of girls in which you can see the pubic hair," and then goes on to say that "this is normal because everybody has this."

I most certainly have not got it, my genital area is absolutely clear of hair and I am sure that countless thousands of girls are the same, indeed it is apparent from many of the photos that appear in PENTHOUSE that the majority of your models are like this. If they were not then the cleverly posed models with their hipster slacks unbuttoned right down to what another writer calls the "mons veneris and its beautiful forest" would be showing a large part of that same forest.

Indeed, it seems to me that a lot of unnecessary talk is being bandied about regarding a bunch of hair that may or may not be there. After all, what percentage of men have beards!?

In the meantime carry on with your good work of showing all the beauty of women's charms, and I hope that in the not too far distant future you may be able to show your girl readers as much as the law will allow of MEN.

Kathleen Barber,
Wigston, Nr Leicester.

I have just purchased my copy of your October issue and while reading through it, I chanced upon Kathleen "B's" letter on pages 18 and 19. May I earnestly request you to take up her offer of an article on a visit to a nudist settlement? Kathleen is obviously a broadminded girl and I am sure a description of her visit would make an interesting article. You might also consider doing a full colour feature on one of Britain's Sun Clubs, which are becoming increasingly more popular as Victorian attitudes die away.

John G. Groves,
Wood Vale, London, N.10.
What about it Kathleen?—ED.

I am a practising naturist and amateur photographer and may be able to offer you some advice in your dilemma over the showing of pubic hair. Firstly, figure photography must suffer if it is to be invariably concealed; posing the model ceases to be an art and becomes merely a matter of selecting from a well-used selection of suitably concealing contortions. Secondly, by hiding pubic hair you are not serving virtue but merely conceding to the smut-shuffling gutter-minded prudes their opinion that we all possess bodies of the utmost obscenity. I, for one, don't agree with this. It certainly is not an idea consistent with any religious or humanist belief.

I think you may be unduly fearful of the Mrs Grundies in power—they are slowly but surely losing their clawing hold over us. Abortion and homosexual laws are on the brink of long overdue reformation and any bookshop will give ample evidence that there is apparently no restriction on what can be written and sold.

The process of "retouching" pictures in this context is vulgar and obscene in the true meaning of the word. Unmutilated male and female photographs (the male figure has just as much artistic beauty as

(*continued on page* 70)

"Please, Mr Grundyke, not here!"

SAFETY-FAST ENTHUSIAST WALTER HARRIS DISCOURSES ON THE GENTEEL ART OF TON-UPMANSHIP WITH SUITABLE FOOTNOTES FROM THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING.

How to ride to hounds in an E-Type

IT IS MANY YEARS SINCE I FOUND A HORSE of sufficient stamina to carry me, and even in the days when, as a schoolboy, I galloped over the Downs in a lop-sided way with a perturbed groom in attendance, instead of kicking a ball about on the football field, I felt a greater affinity with the motor-car.

There is a certain quality about driving which compares with riding. To control the steed, to treat it gently but firmly, not to let it feel that you fear it. To see the ground streaming by, the trees casting flecks of sun or sparkling rain as you hurry along country corridors of oak and elm, beech and poplar. To feel in command of something, albeit a small unit which it is your pride to handle as well as possible, is perhaps the principal joy of riding and driving.

Until three years ago there was no driving school in the world which taught advanced high-speed driving with a rich choice of thoroughbred motor-cars in which to learn. It was the British School of Motoring which had the imagination to see that, in a world of motorways and increasing numbers of production cars to which 100 mph was less than cruising speed, a high-performance course was desirable, and in many cases essential.

Too many people with the money to buy a fast car were unable to drive it properly; there is little purpose in buying an E-type and driving it like an ordinary family saloon.

BSM, therefore, took a senior instructor from the Hendon Police College of Driving, John Miles, and gathered a nucleus of six high-performance instructors, politely called co-drivers. A fleet of cars was assembled, arrangements made to use Brand's Hatch twice weekly, and the course launched.

Today, the cars include an Aston-Martin DB 5, a 4.2 E-type, an Elan, Porsche, Jensen CV-8, Sunbeam Tiger, Fiat 2300 S, TR 4A, Healey 3,000, MGB, Cooper S, and Renault Gordini, and as new cars of this genre come on the market they are incorporated into the fleet.

The motto of the course might be the same as MG's, "safety fast," but the course teaches a good deal more than that.

"If you flog someone to death, you won't get the best out of her," says John Miles, "so drive with finesse. Be gentle. Don't accelerate suddenly. Pretend you're chauffeur to a tycoon who wants to get from London to Cardiff as quickly as possible without having his documents hurled out of the window on every bend. And as we've got the BSM flash on the sides of the car, be a good lad and stop doing 50 in a 40-mile per hour zone. That's right. No, you went too close to the old lady walking on that narrow strip of pavement; if she'd tripped and fallen there would have been a nasty bump as we went over her."

"You've got a bad habit of changing down when we get to a corner; select your gear well in advance, then you can keep both hands on the wheel as we go round and—now, feed the wheel back, *feed* it, don't rely on it to correct automatically. Now use a little finesse here; let him overtake you. You'll catch him up in a minute—he's caught in that bunch of cars up ahead. Brake gently, let them fight it out, come down a gear. Now accelerate—that's right, you've passed them all and you aren't tense and under a strain."

A vast and invisible comb seems to have made a comfortable parting in the scrimmage ahead; the white Fiat 2300 S has slipped through with a satisfied roar and enjoys a decontrolled gallop.

"A chap from Yorkshire took the course recently. Rang me up long distance to tell me he'd driven to Cornwall again this year, as he often does, but did it in nearly 40 minutes' less time than before. He touched the ton several times on the way but at the end of the trip his wife told him she couldn't understand how they'd done it so quickly, as he had been driving much more slowly than usual. She just didn't notice the speed because he was driving with finesse."

We arrived at Brand's Hatch on the first stage of the course. Before we went out on the track, we swapped the Fiat for an A 40 with bald tyres and went on the skid track, two short straights and an S-bend constructed of special non-binding materials constantly watered so that there is minimum adhesion between tyres and pavement.

"I shall now induce a front-wheel skid," said John Miles, accelerating in second gear at the corner. He spun the wheel, the car lurched, straightened itself. He turned 180° by simply accelerating for an instant, and headed back for the corner. Co-driver Peter Wentworth, Assistant Manager of the Course, who was standing by with a pupil, bravely picked up the hose and sprayed it in front of our advancing wheels. "I shall now do a rear-wheel skid," John said, and again the car lurched, straightened out, and burbled to the end of the track.

"Now you have a go." Thanking Heaven for the absence of concrete curbs and other minor obstacles to completion of a successful skid, I took the A40 up and down until John Miles was satisfied I could control them.

"Right. Now we'll go on to the track." Back to the Fiat, wheel her through the paddock gates and down on to Brand's. The BSM Porsche thunders past anticlockwise, closely pursued by the Cooper—"We use Brand's like a highway, there's stuff coming at you from the other direction so remember you only have half the width to corner."

The Fiat feels comfortingly safe. "You should be in second round this bend, not third—we'll never get round," John says, covering his face and hunching back in his seat.

"Oh, I think we might just." We do, and £3,000-worth of Fiat lives to fight another day. "Remember what I said—for a right-hander keep close to the left side of the road, follow it round, look across, now over to the centre, make sure the corner's clear—now the left-hander—not too far over, or all you'll see is the oncoming car just before you hit him head on—that's right. Take a line through this one, change down—relax—"

"I am relaxed."

"You may be, but the car isn't. It's just as important for the car to relax as for you to. Right, that's better—no, you changed down too late. Now, accelerate gently, don't knock my head off, brake smoothly in good time for the next corner, accelerate gently through it, and we're away."

Down the straight towards Paddock Bend, a pretty right-hander with a slight bulge, a steep downhill rush, a steep uphill approach to Druid's, a very sharp bend round which the Fiat goes with, I imagine, a slightly incendiary look about the rear tyres.

"Now we'll try going round the other way." We do, and this is made more exciting, especially perhaps for John Miles, by the fact that all the cambers are wrong. From Druid's to Paddock Bend the track seems more appropriate to a mountain-goat than a car, a sheer wall of grey concrete thrashed with black tyre-marks. With its usual nobility, the Fiat holds the road, and we charge down the straight.

"Next time out we do cross-country driving," John says, sipping a well-deserved life-giver in the clubhouse. "What car would you like?"

"Porsche, please."

"Bit big for country lane work."

"But if you don't mind—"

"Oh, I don't mind."

So a few days later we set off in the Porsche.

"The thing to remember about this car," John said, "is that it's bulbous. You've got about two inches more each side than you think you have. Please remember that when going between parked cars and hedges. This car hasn't been bruised but it has been scratched by twigs."

With almost fatalistic calm John Miles sees the back of a stalled lorry, a rock in the middle of a whirlpool of traffic, hurry towards us. We manage to stop.

"The first thing I do in an unfamiliar car is feel out the brakes," he says. "You braked far too late anyway. Apply them gradually; leaving it to the last moment you wear out pads or discs, use up more petrol having to accelerate away from a standstill. Get down to the speed you need with the brakes, change down, accelerate gently away. Remember what I said about keeping the car relaxed. There."

The autumn sun slides behind burnished leaves. "There may be people walking along here, so watch out for them," John tells me. "Go by them quietly, slip by—if you pass them at 40 in third they won't worry, but go by at 30 in second and if they were asked they'd say you were tearing along." We come to a village; traffic lights are red, so we drop down a gear, brake smoothly, coast

(continued overleaf)

towards them; as they turn green, and we are about to accelerate through, one of Britain's vast population of elderly mimsers signals hopefully that he is turning to the right from the nearside lane.

"All right, let him out. No sense in worrying him to death and risking a dent. Let him go and perhaps he'll feel a pang of guilt at having been an idiot." We stop, and the hapless lane-trespasser cuts thankfully in front of us.

The road winds narrow and golden ahead. "The thing to remember about a Porsche is that you must corner under power. Go into the corner gently, but don't coast or as this is a rear-engined car you may find the tail alongside you. Now put your foot down harder but steadily—that's right, see how she brings herself through the bend?" I begin to understand the Porsche mystique; what one has always thought of as a souped-up Volkswagen has endearing qualities.

"Keep the revs up on a Porsche—see the green lines are on the rev counter? That's where the needle should live, at two thousand revs minimum. That's right."

The remainder of the course consists of a bout of trunk-road and motorway driving, for which I choose the 4.2 E-type, and the Aston-Martin.

"Tommy Wisdom says that the Aston sorts out the men from the boys," John Miles says; the well-known rally and ex-racing driver is an executive with BSM. "Whereas in cooking cars you can press a half-inch on the accelerator without anything drastic happening, in the Aston you must just touch gently. Accelerate away hard in first and the engine will cough. Triple Webers and the Vantage engine will take you past almost anything without any trouble, but remember the old story of the two bulls in the pasture."

"What story is that?" I ask, fighting the Aston-Martin along the M4 in a bitter cross-wind.

"Take her up to 80, get used to her at that speed. Then 90. Now try a 100—don't show such a love for the macadam join in the concrete, your nearside wheels have been running on it for a mile. Keep exactly in your lane—" The car bucks towards the kerb, veers half a lane in the wind.

"Wait till you see what the lorry up ahead is going to do—my bet is he'll pull out suddenly and probably get blown over here by the wind." Ease off the throttle, coast into overtaking position, flash headlights. The lorry stays put.

"As I was saying," John resumes, as the speedometer needle sticks at a 100 and the Aston's nose wags questingly, "a young bull said to an old bull: 'Let's gallop over there and seduce a cow.' 'No,' snorted the old bull, 'we'll *walk* there and seduce the lot of them." He grinned. "In other words, in this sort of car you have the speed so there's no need to clutter up your driving with haste."

We leave the motorway and find ourselves groping along a narrow stretch of road drenched in traffic. "There's nothing you can do," John said, "so drop into third, sit back, and wait until you get a chance. Let everyone else work himself into a lather; the essence of high performance driving is to go as fast as possible in the right conditions, and to relax and not fret when the right conditions haven't occurred. The best drivers mould the components of driving into a whole; there isn't enough fluidity yet. Now, you're in the right gear, you can see through to the inside and there's a gap between those two lorries if we need it—" We take the lorries and a car which has preceded us past them.

"Brake first, change into the right gear—heel and toe in one motion, not two, I can feel the jerk as you do it—through the bend, foot down gently—ease off as we're approaching the crest of a hill, may be two old lorries coming up side by side for company—now the road's clear, let her go."

The Aston sings a quiet but savage song and it is not long before we are back at the BSM garage in Putney to collect the E-type.

Back down the M4, the E-type seemingly not so prone to wind-thrust as the Aston; we do 120 mph safely, with little veer.

"You're certainly having some ideal weather," John tells me. "Rain caked into mud on the windscreen, a strong cross-wind, puddles underfoot and the sun shining into your eyes. Splendid." He laughs, and one wishes that all passengers were as courageous. Through the mind echo the shrieks and python-hisses of 30-maximum aunts from the past, devotees of the cult of backseat mimsery.

We reach the end of the motorway; reluctantly, I turn the business-like snout of the car back towards London. Again that superb sense of power, a touch on the accelerator sending the opposition in front dwindling into oblivion in the rear-view mirror.

John grins across at me. "What would you do if a front tyre burst at this speed?"

"Cling to the wheel and mutter a short-hand prayer. What about you?"

"Oh, probably the same." He laughs. "What would you do if a rear tyre went?"

"Cling to the wheel and gentle the brake like this"—the car bucks—"to try to take the weight off the rear wheels."

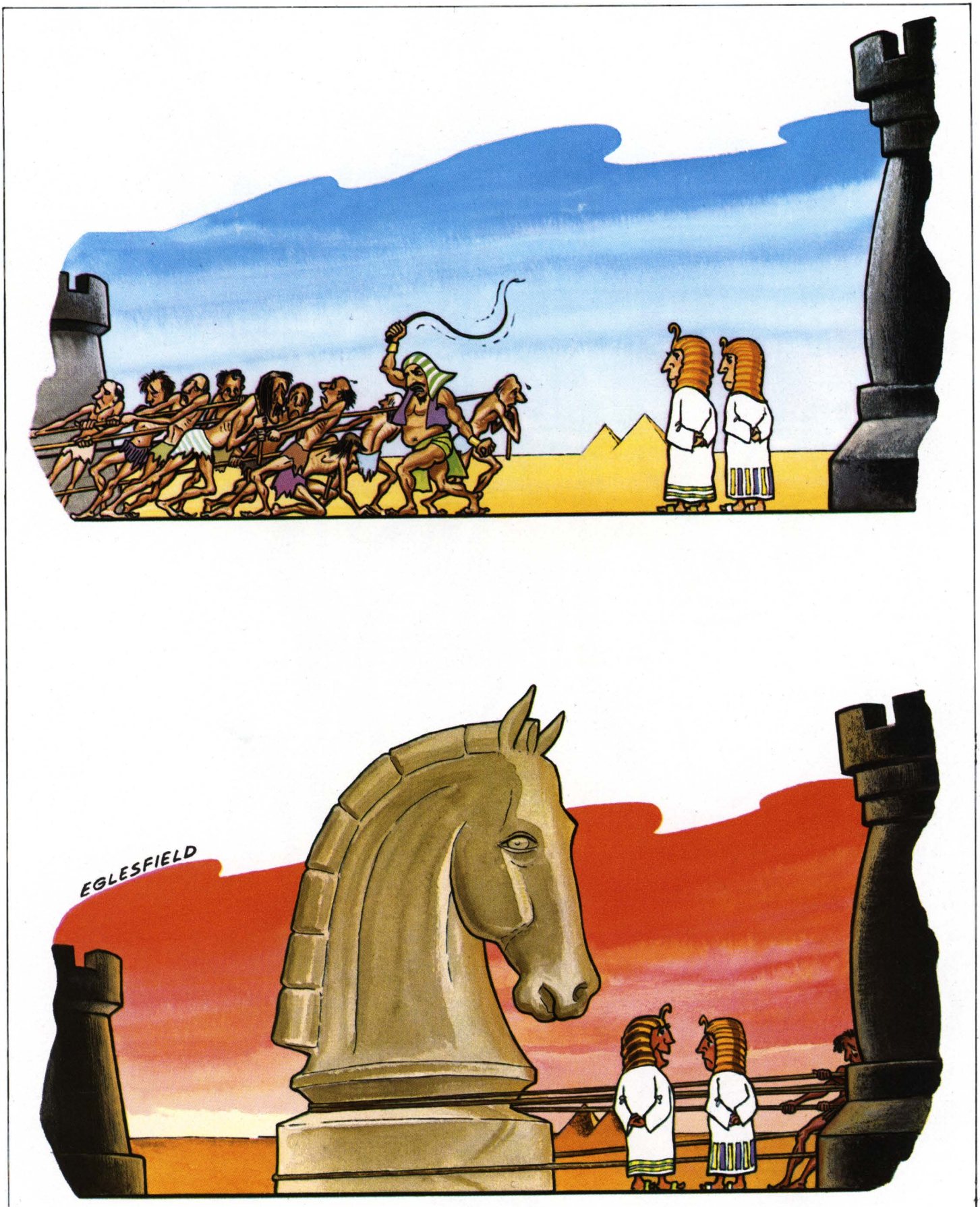
"Correct." Fortunately there was no need to try out the technique or the efficacy of high-speed prayer.

As the miles ticked swiftly across the odometer, I reflected that if speed were related to sex as a basic element of human make-up, the Aston-Martin and Jaguar E-type were Cleopatra, Virna Lisi and Sophia Loren combined, with a pleasant roar of amiable lions as accompaniment.

Thanks to the High-Performance Course, one felt confident enough to handle the lot.

Musing on motors between wet skids and hair-pin turns, Walter Harris (left) chats with BSM's Senior Instructor John Miles.

Harem-scarem Harris punches an A-40 through its paces at Brand's Hatch skid patch.



"Check"

BY DEREK LOW

LUCK OF THE DRAW

AMELIA WAS DRESSING HERSELF WHEN CHICO OPENED THE DOOR AND STROLLED IN. SHE STOPPED AT ONCE, FOR WITH HIM THERE IT SEEMED POINTLESS TO CONTINUE.

CHICO PINTO AWOKE FROM TOO MUCH SLEEP and sat up in bed. He stared at the foot of his bed, furrowing his brow and pulling down the corners of his mouth in an expression of total revulsion. He was utterly depressed. A strident cacophony of noises ascending from the street five floors below battered his ears and evidence of untidiness and neglect in every quarter of his room offended his sight. Through a rent in the curtains a shaft of sunlight made a bright, opaque wedge out of a hundred million specks of dust.

"Oh, God!" Chico groaned aloud. "Why go on?"

Getting slowly out of bed he stretched himself. Pulling at his fingers he popped each one sharply in turn like a Christmas cracker. He closed his eyes tightly and yawned cavernously, making a noise like a cow painfully overdue for milking. Head hanging, he shuffled barefoot to the door and peered cautiously out. There was no one in the corridor so he skipped smartly across into the bathroom.

In the shower, under a deluge of cold water, Chico began to sing: half-heartedly at first and then with more enthusiasm. A hesitant, mournful ballad gradually developed into a suggestive, carefree and athletic samba. Finally he emerged, impeccably shaved and powdered, his little black moustache so perfectly clipped that it looked like a machine-made thing and his curly hair greased and combed into corrugated solidity. Pyjama trousers in one hand and a towel round his waist he stepped gaily into the corridor and bumped smack into his landlady.

"A thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, and, "Flower of Coimbra, how is it that every day you look more handsome?" Very large and in vigorous health, she could nonetheless scarcely be called handsome. She raised her eyebrows and gave a sniff, then frowned.

"You've been at my perfume again, *senhor* Pinto," she declared.

"A mistake, *doña* Eugenia," Chico protested, raising a hand in a characteristic gesture like a policeman stopping traffic. "An understandable mistake. The bottles are so much alike that anyone could be forgiven for confusing them. But," he conceded, "it has happened before, I admit, so I shall buy you a new bottle. How's that?"

"That would be all right, if you meant what you say. But at the moment I am more concerned about your rent."

This was the one topic that Chico was dreading. He paled visibly but somehow managed to look incredulous.

"The rent?" he exclaimed. "Why, it seems only yesterday that I . . ."

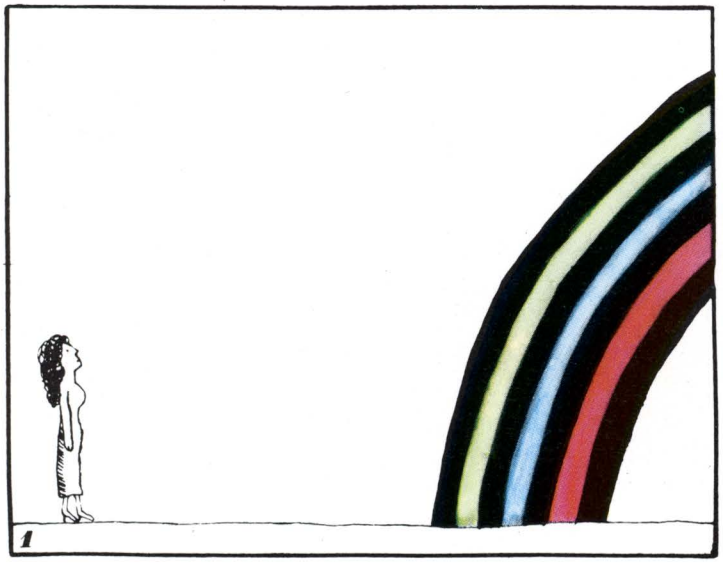
"But it was six weeks ago."

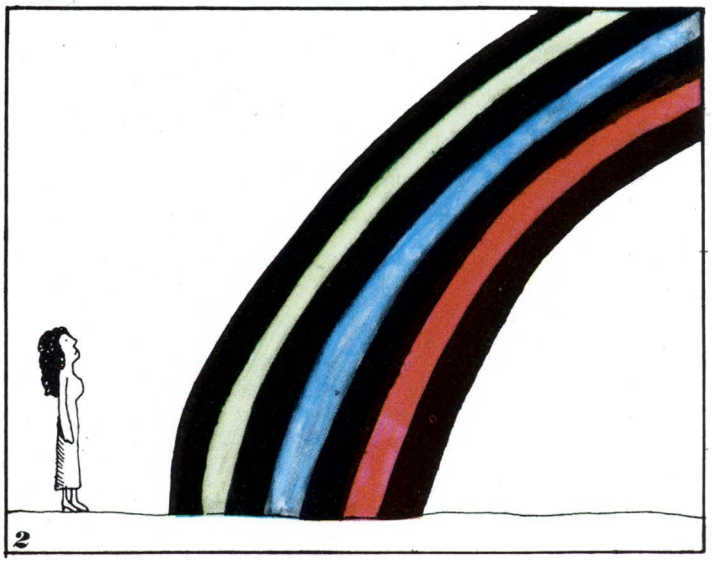
Chico knew this full well and for several days past, when not distracted by something amusing, had thought of little else but the fact that he could not lay his hands on the money for his rent.

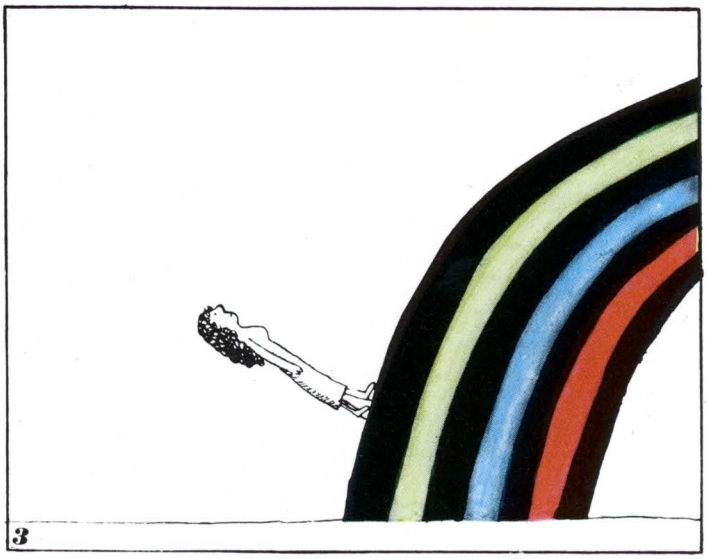
"It can't be, *doña* Eugenia," he insisted. "You are mistaken. Your accounts are up the creek. You have (*continued on page* 56)

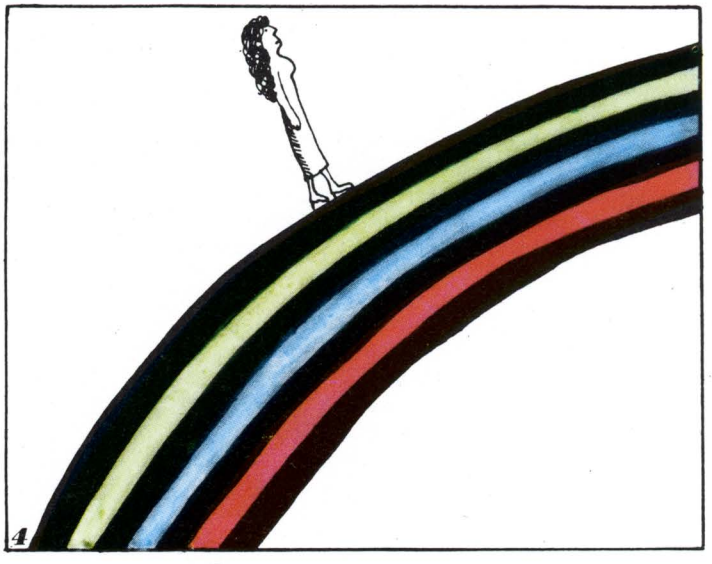
I LOVE YOU

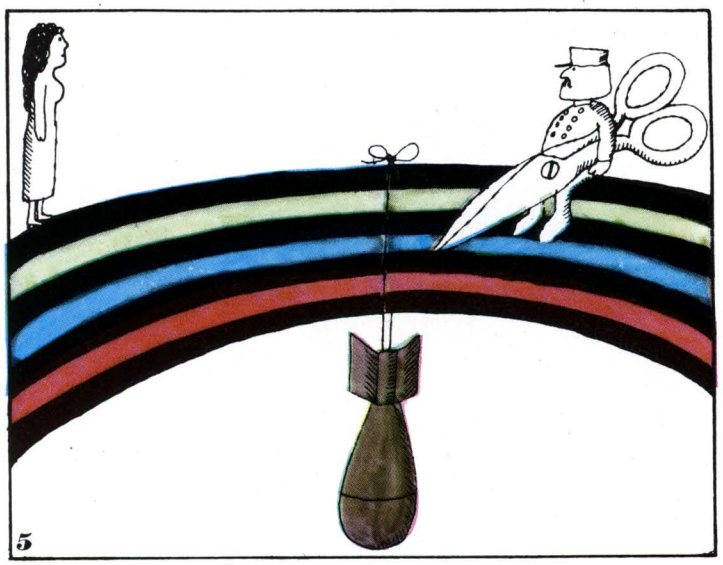
A Parable by Mike Foreman







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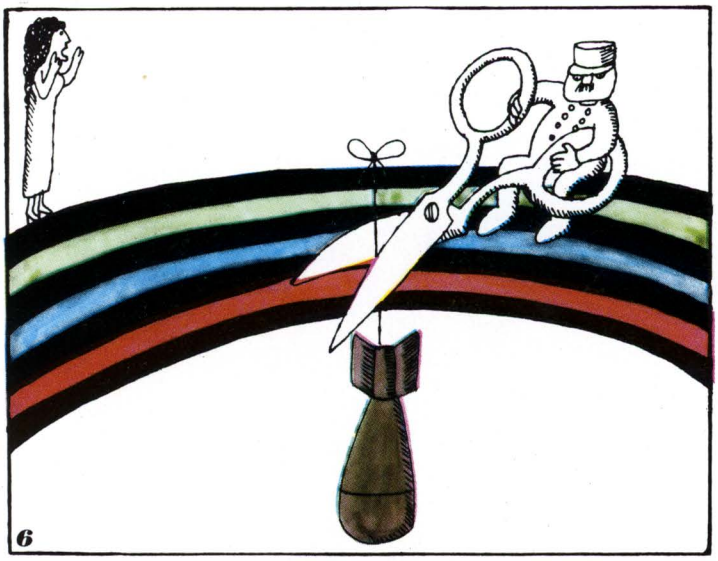
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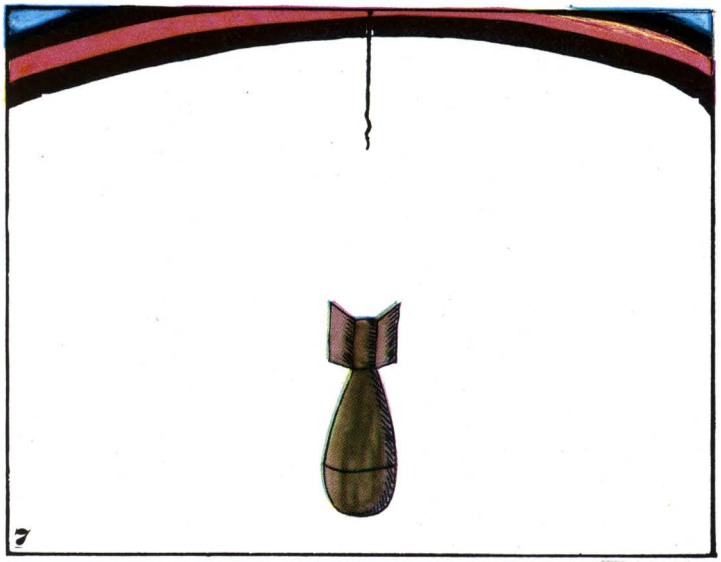
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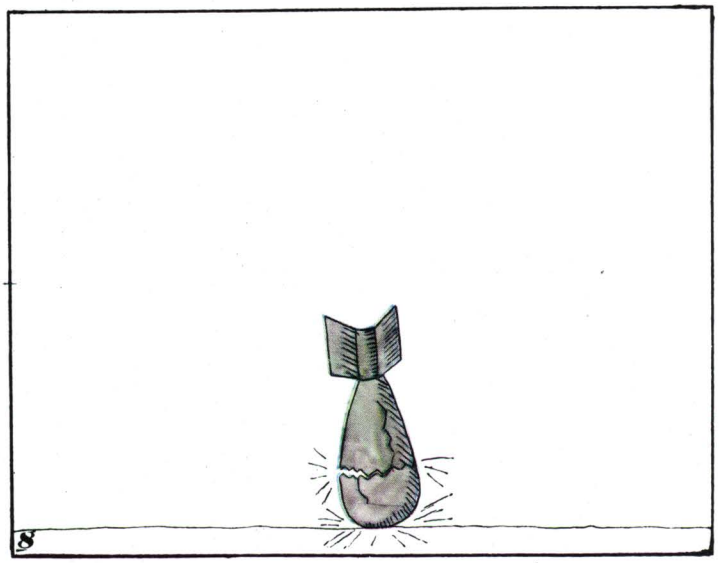
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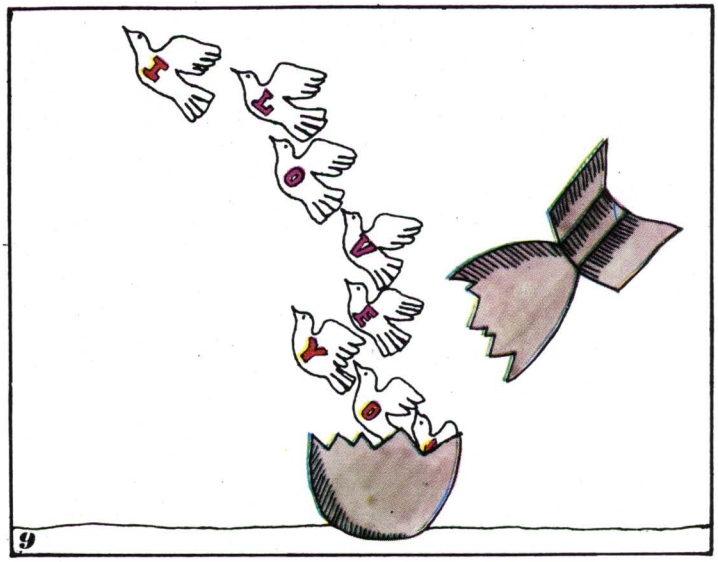
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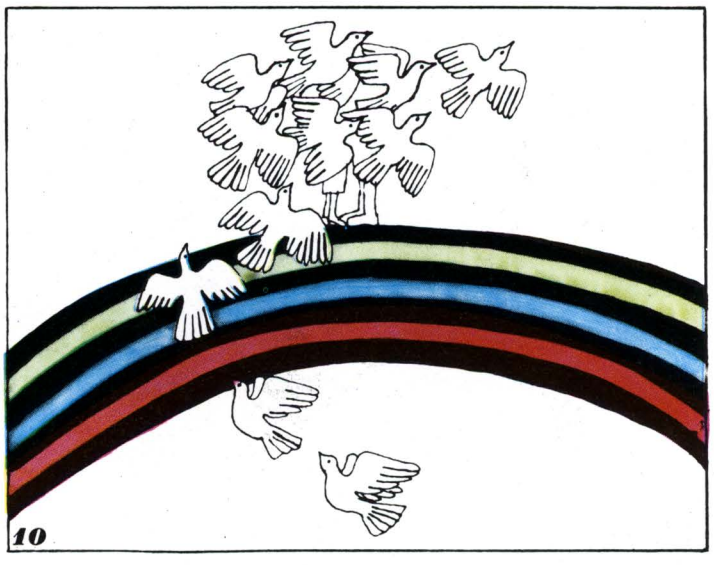
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Violette Leduc:

A CANDID CONVERSATION WITH FRANCE'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL AUTHOR.

Violette Leduc, bastard, bisexual, French and 58, considered by herself to be "The ugliest woman in the world," has emerged from a life of comparative and sequestered obscurity to become, overnight, the hottest property in French publishing. This year, with the publication of "La Bâtarde," her lesbian-oriented autobiography, Leduc has precipitated a success story that was 20 long and arduous years in the making. On one hand, "La Bâtarde" has been much vaunted as a "Lyrical masterpiece" by leading French writers, among them Jean-Paul Sartre. On the other, it has been vociferously condemned as filth. At either extremity, the criticism has been sufficiently passionate to ensure both "Bâtarde" and its somewhat bewildered author of a place high on the French best-seller list (over 140,000 copies already sold) and an odds-on chance of reproducing the same success throughout the world.

Born illegitimately, Violette Leduc drifted through an impoverished and disoriented childhood. When her mother eventually married she was sent to boarding school; entered into a series of homosexual relationships; was discovered and subsequently discharged. She continued her studies in Paris, picked up the threads of her lesbian school-girl affair and developed her interest in writing. When the war broke out, Leduc worked as a journalist, entered into a brief but tragic affair with a homosexual writer, Maurice Sachs, who later abandoned her and by 1944 (where her book ends) she was making a living in the black market.

Mme Leduc published her first book, "L'Asphyxie," in 1945. It received little public recognition but created a small sensation among the literati, particularly Camus who regarded it as an extremely important work. Her later books, equally ignored by the general public, found an immediate and enthusiastic reception among leading French writers. It was of this period that Jean Cocteau wrote: "If you seek the outstanding characteristics of modern literature which gives it its claim to nobility, you will find it in the powerful work of Violette Leduc. Mme Leduc does not do that which should *be, but that which* shall *be. This is the secret and the martyrdom of the true artist."*

Violette Leduc is a serious, proud and intensely contemplative woman. She avoids publicity and accepts her now firmly established reputation as a major French writer with humility. It was only through the manipulative efforts and charm of Peter Owen, her British publisher that she was induced to discuss and, to some extent, defend the moral issues of "La Bâtarde" with PENTHOUSE.

Penthouse: How does it feel to be a world-wide celebrity at the age of 58 ?

Leduc: Now that I am a celebrity, I find that people are coming to me rather than myself having to go to them and I don't like to hurt people in any way. Some people have been very importunate. For example there was one French photographer who came to me and asked if I would pose for a photograph with a copy of *La Bâtarde* stretched across my breast, which I found rather distasteful and vulgar, but I thought that the poor man has got to earn his living, so I did it for him even though it was distasteful to me. Going on to talk about my world-wide success, I am still a human being and I still feel quite alone at times. The only friend who has really stuck by me through all the years when I wasn't well known, was Simone de Beauvoir, who has always been a great help. But even now, although I find that people are very much attracted to me and they surround me a lot, I still go home to my room in Paris and do my little odds and ends, do my washing, and housework and so forth. There are certain very happy moments and very happy occasions, but all the same they need not exist. I am still writing in my little notebook. A white page is still a white page and there is no success if the page remains white.

Penthouse: Do you work a specific number of hours each day ?

Leduc: Yes, when it goes well I work five hours a day.

Penthouse: Any particular time of the day ?

Leduc: Two hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon. When it is 6 o'clock and I have to stop at 6, I just shut my book and that is that. I don't go on all night.

Penthouse: Your book has already created in France, and will in England, a great notoriety in the press because of the subject lesbianism, and the way you deal with it.

Leduc: I regret it. I don't want notoriety, all I want is to be as frank and sincere as possible.

Penthouse: Do you think that lesbianism has a morality of its own ?

Leduc: I think that it has its restrictions and its principles, like inverts. Some men go out of their way to sort of recreate feminine traits in themselves, in their gestures, clothes and general appearance. Lesbians do exactly the opposite. They are trying to copy men all the time. Homosexual men express a nostalgia for femininity by dressing in this way, and lesbians express the same sort of nostalgia for men in dressing in a masculine way. A homosexual is as virile as a man, he knows it very well. But there is nothing in his general bearing which allows people to know it.

Penthouse: Male homosexuality is a controversial subject throughout the world and especially in England and yet, curiously enough lesbianism has never been.

Leduc: I don't understand why. One loses nothing by being a lesbian, whereas with a man one could have children and therefore by being a homosexual one loses something. That is why lesbianism isn't taken so seriously, it affects no one.

Penthouse: A relationship between two men is not going to produce children either.

Leduc: It is a sterile act for two men to sleep together, whereas with a man and a woman even though the sperm is lost there is still an act of productivity present. Lesbians never have any great social position whereas very often homosexuals do.

Penthouse: Some people say that male homosexuals are a danger because they are aggressive while females are not. I don't know if that is true.

Leduc: One doesn't see many lesbians in France but when one does see them they are usually sad and quiet. Homosexuals are not on the whole aggressive.

Penthouse: We have had some very notorious cases in England where great actors and very famous lords have hit the headlines as a result of aggressive importuning in public.

Leduc: After the scandal with Oscar Wilde, the homosexuals have settled down into their own little corner.

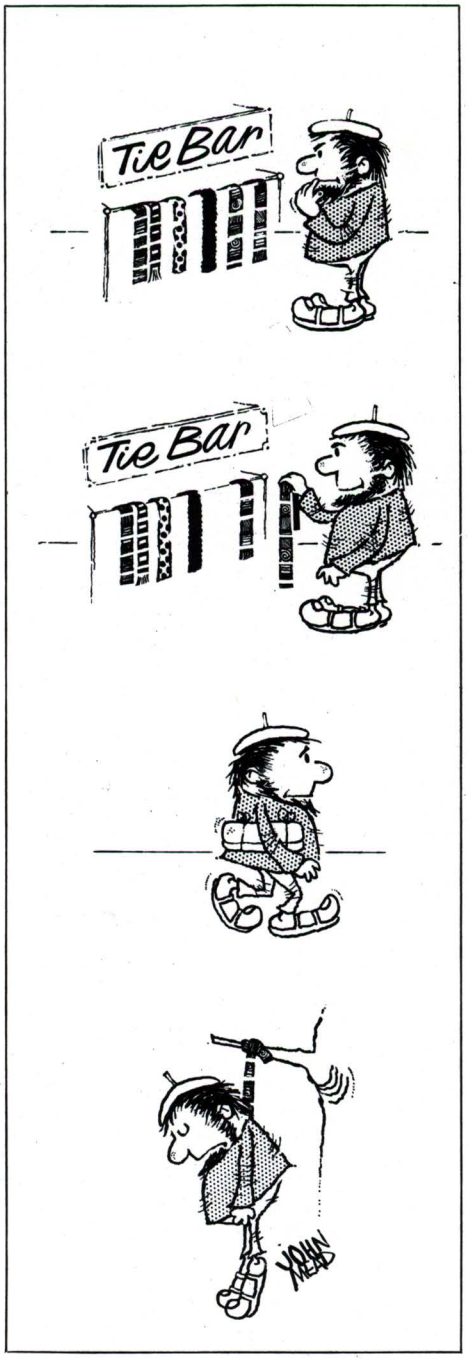
Penthouse: Like Greenwich Village or Saint Germain. I don't agree with this, but many who argue against homosexuality, particularly on behalf of the Church or some political group, say that there is a danger to the family concept.

Leduc: They have announced that there will be 100 million French people in a few years. They just go on producing and producing.

Penthouse: Despite the homosexuality, your book is extremely exciting, especially the famous seduction chapter. Is this sort of treatment likely to induce young girls to seek similar adventures?

Leduc: If these young girls read this passage attentively and they are so inclined, they can learn how to make love properly.

Penthouse: Would you seriously encourage young girls to seek homosexual relationships?



Leduc: I have never written for propaganda purposes.

Penthouse: Don't you think that people should seek the truth? That they should seek the truth of their own nature and character within themselves, not discover it by accident?

Leduc: It is important for people to realize that it is not shameful to do this sort of thing, to bring it out into the open so that they can find out for themselves whether this is their true nature or not, and not to make a mountain out of a molehill.

Penthouse: Would you encourage someone to deliberately go out and seek this experience by way of discovering the inclinations of his or her own nature?

Leduc: In my autobiography I have said everything. A thief writes his autobiography and tells all the truth about his theft but it is not propaganda for theft.

Penthouse: Is there really such a thing as a bi-sexual woman? Or is a bi-sexual woman predominantly a homosexual who seeks heterosexual relationships for reasons of conscience, social position, etc.?

Leduc: Perhaps a woman like this has discovered she is a homosexual only after having normal sexual relations. Gabriel whom I marry in *La Bâtarde* is a very slight person with effeminate traits, but he is in no way an invert. I like people like Gabriel who are a little down and out, a little shabby, a little, perhaps, mediocre, but everyone has their own particular form of eroticism.

Penthouse: In the book, does Gabriel ever tell your mother that you are a lesbian?

Leduc: He was very delicately minded, he would never have done a thing like that.

Penthouse: Would you have?

Leduc: No, I have never discussed it with my mother really. I could do exactly as I liked; of course I couldn't be a prostitute. I could do everything I liked with a man except have a child because in the eyes of my mother to have a child was to begin all over again her own Calvary.

Penthouse: It has been said that every nation has a predominant sexual character. England, for the sake of argument, is a sadomasochistic, homosexual nation, Germany would be similar, Greece is a nation of sodomites, the Persians and Arabs are probably truly bi-sexual, France has always been identified with lesbianism, it might be their literary reputation, but they have always had a sort of lesbian cult.

Leduc: In England and in France there are a lot of homosexuals. If men take no notice of women then women have to turn towards women. I believe in France that there are more homosexuals today than there ever were. In France one either produces children or one is a homosexual.

Penthouse: Is Jean-Paul Sartre a friend of yours?

Leduc: I have great esteem for what he writes. Simone de Beauvoir, I believe, talks to him a great deal about my work. I think that when Simone de Beauvoir leaves me when I have had a lot of unhappiness or disappointment, she always talks to him about it.

Penthouse: Do you admire him as a writer?

Leduc: Yes, very much.

Penthouse: What do you think, according to your own frame of reference, are his important works?

Leduc: *Nausea*, *The Words*, *Dead End*, and *Being and Nothingness*. There are certain passages which I haven't understood. The passages I like are the passages on ways of looking, and also this one particular study of a woman who is walking down the street knowing she is being followed. There is a sentence of Sartre's which explains everything. I have said it thousands of times: "Hell is others."

Penthouse: Are you an existentialist?

Leduc: I am a philosopher, therefore I cannot be an existentialist, but I admire their doctrine that by will power one can achieve anything and one can push aside what one has inherited.

Penthouse: Have you had any difficulty with censorship in France?

Leduc: When I wrote my novel *Ravages* I had great difficulty with the censors and I almost went mad with it. They asked that the first 150 pages be cut out. One of these passages which dealt with an erotic scene between myself and Isobel was reinstated in *La Bâtarde*, but this was the least violent of the passages taken from the 150 pages that were cut.

Penthouse: I noted that for all the furore there was relatively little lesbianism in the book, that it seemed to be confined mostly to one beautiful and marvellous chapter. I kept looking for more and was perhaps a bit disappointed in not finding it.

Leduc: Well, I have at my home the manuscripts of two more erotic days and nights which weren't put in. But it has been suggested to me that we reprint *Ravages* in a limited edition, reinstating all these passages that were cut out. The trouble is, however, that the passage that was put into *La Bâtarde* would be repeated in this new edition.

Penthouse: Why did you not include the episode of these two days and nights?

Leduc: Because they were very long and also because I was afraid that the censors might cut them.

Penthouse: After this book, you will, without question, be marked as a lesbian. Do you mind?

Leduc: I don't think that is the case because in this book I am not purely a lesbian. I have talked equally as well about eroticism with Gabriel. The sequel to *La Bâtarde*, which I am writing at the moment, will deal with a platonic relationship that I have had with a woman that is purity itself and completely innocent. I want to have even more courage when I write the sequel to *La Bâtarde* and be even more frank about a sexual subject which is far more universal and about which one has never spoken. I

(*continued on page* 72)

Ingrid

Photographs by Guccione

WHILE WELL-MEANING ECONOMISTS CONTRIVE TO CLOSE THE GAP BETWEEN IMPORTS and exports and insidious parliamentary committees devise new ways of dampening the public ardour toward imported goodies, the mystique of alien offerings continues to swing onward and upward. Ingrid Braun, an exclusive product of Vienna, 19 years in the making, whose 38–23–35 statistics, 5 ft. 4 in. and 112 pounds of well rounded packaging, conform neatly to the British standard of weights and measures, is a recent and comforting indication that when we do import we import wisely.

We are not suggesting that British ingenuity is failing in its ability to compete with the continent, but we do suggest (keeping our product in mind) that you can't always get enough of a good thing.

Political and economic grievances aside, Ingrid's basic construction, modern design and immediate adaptability to the British market have kept her in constant demand as a dancer ever since she arrived in London 13 months ago.

"I love Britain," says she. "I love the audiences and the opportunity and the feeling people have for young artists. I know a lot of writers and painters and they are happier than the young people of Vienna. They have more hope and more faith. I think London has a good climate for art, but a bad climate for rain and cold."

Ingrid shares a small but comfortable flat in Notting Hill with Carl, Dennis, Jonathan and Barry, four Siamese cats. "I collect cats rather than boyfriends. Cats are more sincere. I name them after people I like and that way I can always keep them around—without the usual complications. Boyfriends are nice but I'm afraid they are the same everywhere. If you have a career, especially in show business, and you must come into contact with lots of other people, they become very serious and object to your work. I prefer to keep my personal life uncomplicated. All my energies are needed for dancing."

Despite her seeming Garboesque withdrawal, Ingrid is sufficiently realistic to admit that any moment the right chap may come along and lead her up the well-beaten path, away from all the promised delights of dancedom.

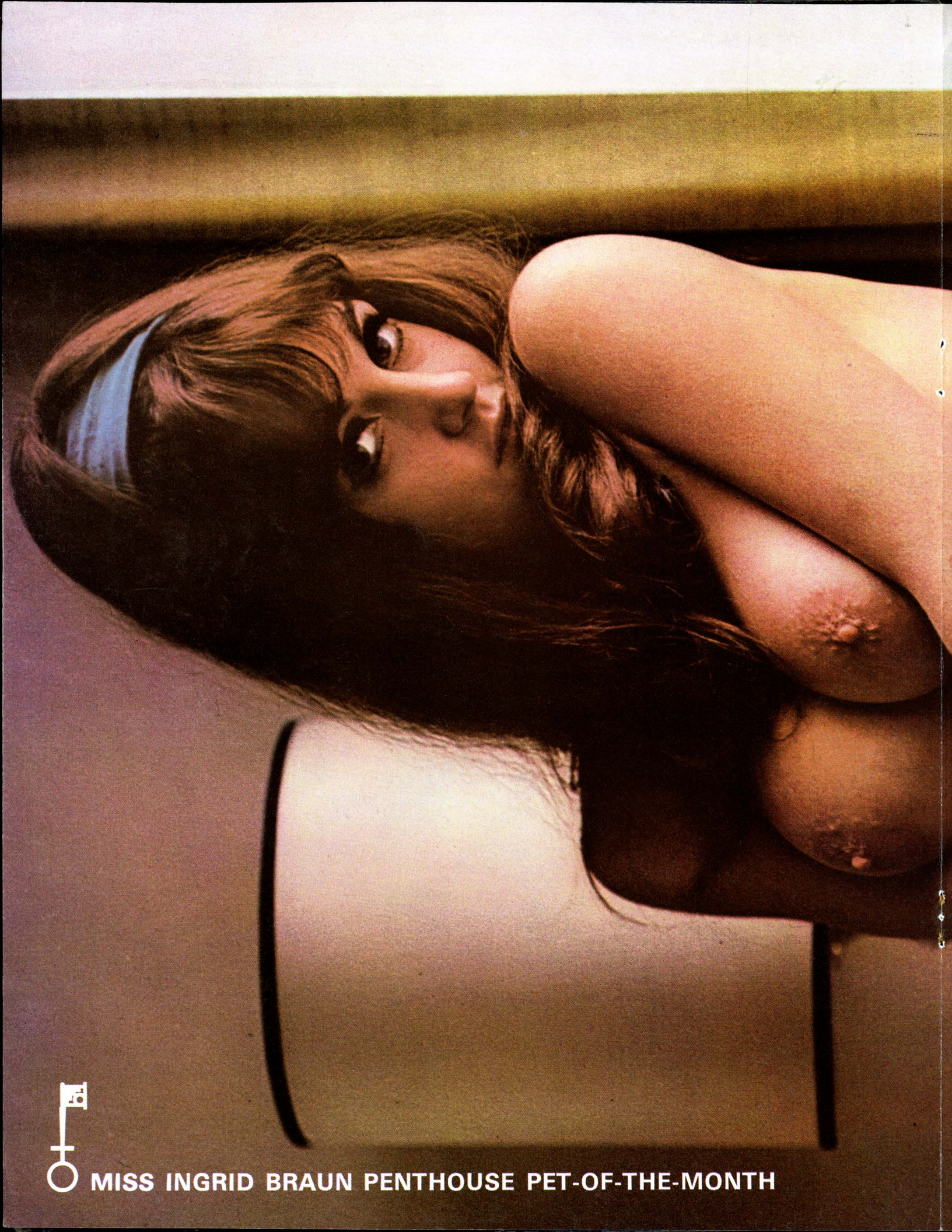
"If he truly comes," says she with a note of youthful gravity, "I shall be waiting. I will know him when I see him. He is English with a charming manner, tall, and above all, sincere. Perhaps he is also an artist, a painter,

or someone of much sensitivity . . . it is sensitivity that matters."

On sex, Ingrid is equally philosophical. "When I dance it is an expression of my body and my mind. I try to say something which is sensual as well as aesthetic. I am not afraid of sex . . . it is my practice to project this as a person. I cannot stand hypocrites who object to other people enjoying themselves doing the sort of things they are afraid to do themselves. There is much

hypocrisy in England . . . much more than the Continent. I do not know why this should be. In Vienna, if a boy and girl are so strongly attracted then it is natural that they should make love. No one is hurt and their hearts are happy. Love and sex are precious because you are sharing yourself and giving part of yourself to another. And one does not give away precious things lightly."

In view of the season and the heady spirit of giving, PENTHOUSE offers a delectable extract from that guarded and precious self . . . a quintessential glimpse of Ingrid given not lightly but well.



MISS INGRID BRAUN PENTHOUSE PET-OF-THE-MONTH

THE FRIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

by GUCCIONE

NOW THAT JIMMY IS IN BED WE CAN TALK ABOUT CHRISTMAS

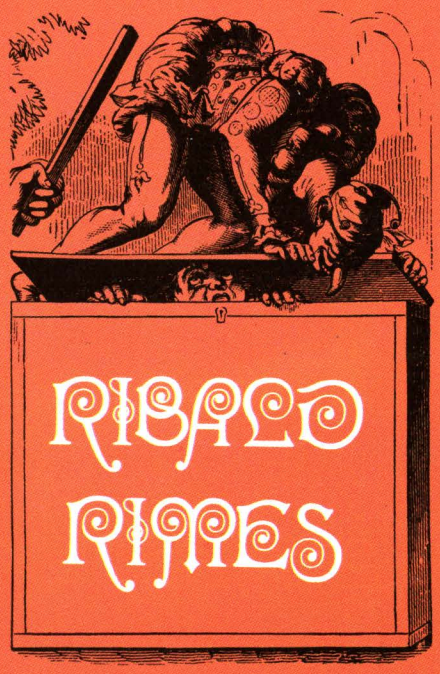
I WONDER IF HE KNOWS THAT **SANTA** WILL BE WATCHING HIM VERY CLOSELY FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS

AND SANTA ALWAYS **KNOWS** WHEN A LITTLE BOY IS GOOD OR BAD.... HE WRITES IT ALL DOWN IN A BIG BOOK

AND WOULDN'T IT BE **AWFUL** IF POOR LITTLE JIMMY FOUND HIS STOCKING **EMPTY** ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

AND WOULDN'T IT BE **TERRIBLE** IF SANTA HAD TO GIVE ALL THOSE NICE TOYS TO THE **OTHER** LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS JUST BECAUSE JIMMY DIDNT KNOW HOW TO **BEHAVE**

HOW EASY IT IS TO INTIMIDATE ONE SMALL BOY



EDITED BY PERCY SAYMAN

Said Einstein: "I have an equation
Which science might call Rabelaisian.
Let P be virginity
Approaching infinity
And U be a constant, persuasion—"

"Now if P over U be inverted
And the square root of U be inserted
X times over P,
The result, Q.E.D.
Is a relative," Einstein asserted.

A vigorous fellow named Bert
Was attracted by every new skirt.
Oh, it wasn't their minds
But their rounded behinds
That excited this devilish flirt.

An old Jap samurai named Haki
Once pickled his manhood in saki;
When all was quite dead
He cried with bowed head
"Banzai! requiescat in pace."

There once was a lady hand-letterer
Who thought of a program to better her;
She hand-lettered each
Of the parts she could reach—
The bosoms, the navel, et cetera.

There was a young bachelor named Gary
Who was morbidly anxious to marry,
But he found the insistence
Of each maiden's resistence
A difficult factor to parry.

A sensitive fellow named Harry
Thought sex too revolting to marry,
So he went out in curls
And frowned on the girls
And got to be known as a fairy.

security is a warm soft pillow

. . . . . the suspicion entered his mind that Sally no longer loved him for himself, but only for his stomach.

BY D. J. BROOKE

SALLY AND DON PARTRIDGE WERE A YOUNG COUPLE WHO LIVED on West 9th Street. They were married. Don was a quiet, gentle man, with deep set dark eyes, which gave him a melancholy expression; he loved his wife. When they were first married they both painted, wrote, and took singing lessons, until they had exhausted the patience and savings of their respective families. Then they buckled down and took jobs—Don in an advertising agency and Sally in an expensive jewellery store. Sally was, of course, pretty, with blonde wavy hair, and a wistful expression.

During the first years of their marriage Sally developed a habit of sleeping with her arms round Don's neck, and her head pillowed on his chest. She also liked to chew his ear lobes, gently, before she went to sleep.

As Don grew more successful in his business and ate imposing lunches and dinners with his clients, he began to develop a belly. He was the sort of man who does not generally run to fat—he had a sad, skinny face—but as the exigencies of his position forced him to eat more and exercise less his stomach swelled into a small, round pot.

Sally sighed over it at first as she had all his trousers let out, but she took to wriggling a little further down in the bed as she slept, so that her head was pillowed on the rise of Don's stomach and her arms were clasped around his chest. He tried to drag the covers up over his shoulders, but in her sleep Sally would always pull them down again, comfortably under her chin. Don endured several sniffly colds and then hit on the idea of wearing not only two pyjama jackets but also one of the lacy knitted bedjackets that Sally's grandmother gave to her relations at Christmas. Sally slept better than ever. There was something marvellously relaxing about the springy, warm, gently vibrating cushion of flesh on which she rested her right ear. Sometimes she pushed and prodded Don on to his side, and buried her forehead in the hollow at the base of the ribs, where the stomach started its rich curve. Sometimes she laid him on his back and rested on top of the hillock, an angelic smile on her sleeping features, her head rising and falling gently with Don's breathing. Don had learned early on in his married life how to sleep in any position; on his back or on his side, he didn't mind.

Occasionally, however, the suspicion entered his mind that Sally no longer loved him for himself, but only for his stomach, her pillow. He would get up first in the morning to take the dog for a walk before going to the office, and Sally would cling to him sleepily and mutter, "Don't go away, leave me my nice pillow." He wished that she would occasionally say, "don't go away, I want you to stay," but she never did. In fact, though at first he had taken it as a joke, it soon became rather serious. One day she woke up with a start as he started to slide gently out of bed, and said in a cold, angry voice, "Why can't you leave your stomach

Illustration/Tony Common

behind when you get up?" He tried to explain to her that it was funny, but she didn't even see the joke.

That was the day he decided, secretly, to lose weight.

For two weeks he managed to refuse all luncheon engagements and stay in his office eating a Metrecal biscuit and a glass of skim milk; in the evenings he went without his usual two or three cocktails between the office and home. He weighed himself in a drugstore and congratulated himself on having lost nearly six pounds in two weeks. Then Sally began to suspect something. She eyed him speculatively as he undressed and put on his bedjacket, and the next evening cooked a huge, rich and nourishing meal—"just for the two of us, darling." Like a good wife in the magazines she laid the table with the best silver and china, lit candles, and put on her prettiest dress; Don ruefully understood that she was wooing not Donald Partridge, her husband, but only his stomach.

Things came to a head when she discovered a Metrecal biscuit in his pocket as she was taking his suit to the cleaners. She faced him, her eyes flashing brilliantly with anger.

"What does this mean, Don?"

The only thing to do was to put a bright face on it.

"I wanted to surprise you, darling," he said with a forced laugh. "I'm dieting—thought I'd lose a bit of weight."

She narrowed her eyes and bit her lips, wondering which was the best method to suppress this rebellion; an out and out row might be dangerous. Her eyes opened wide and began to fill with tears, her face crinkled up like a baby crying, and she wailed: "But Don, darling, I love your little stomach; it—it makes you look so distinguished." Sally gave a sob, put her arms round his neck, and nuzzled her face into his chest. Don raised his face to heaven and prayed for strength. He determined to have this thing out, once and for all. He edged towards the sofa and sat down, and Sally collapsed into his lap.

"Listen, Sally," he said, patting her hair, and gazing firmly straight ahead, "I'm beginning to think that you don't love me at all any more—that the only thing you love is my belly!" He laughed nervously, it sounded so absurd.

"Nonsense," she whined, burying her head in his shirt front and wiping off a tear on his tie. "I love you for yourself, Donny baby, of course I do."

"Anyway," he said, clearing his throat and speaking out with firm masculine authority, "I have decided to lose some weight. It's absurd for a man of my age to have a paunch like this. I'm going to play squash twice a week with Bill from the office." Sally jerked upright, almost hitting his chin with the top of her head.

"No," she said furiously, "you mustn't. I'll leave you if you do." They stared at each other open mouthed. The cards were on the table with a vengence. She went on, "It's my stomach; I love it, I need it. I couldn't sleep without it. You never minded until now—why do you suddenly get so mean?"

"But that's just it," he said, "it's my stomach! It's not yours, it's mine—it's part of me. I can do what I like with it."

They stared at each other in bitter silence. Sally's tears were all dried now. She said coldly and bitterly, "If you lose your stomach I shall leave you."

Don thought of all their years together; their happy days, and Sally's smiling face as she slept. It was such an absurd thing to quarrel about. His resistance wilted and died.

"Oh, all right," he said, "if you mind that much, I won't."

Sally threw her arms round his neck again, and kissed him tenderly on the lips. "Darling," she smiled radiantly, "what an idiotic quarrel, I adore you even if you have got a little belly, you know that."

For a time life went on much as usual, except that whenever Don didn't have a luncheon appointment Sally would rush round to his office, which was luckily quite close to her store, and steer him to a good restaurant. On the days when she didn't meet him she would quiz him in the evenings about what he had eaten.

Don's face became even sadder and sallower, but his stomach expanded to fill its old contours and then some more. He began to suffer from indigestion and spots in front of his eyes, but when he went to the doctor hoping for an ulcer or some other incapacitating ailment of the digestive tract, he was sent away again with a clean bill of health. Sally gained some weight herself, and looked prettier than ever.

Nowadays she often laid her hand possessively on Don's stomach in public places, and whenever he left her side she would follow him with a hawklike stare as if she suspected him of surreptitiously touching his toes, or indulging in Metrecal in the men's room. As she slept Sally had developed the habit of kneading and patting her pillow as if to shape it to her will. Don slept less easily, and developed aches in his shoulders and cramps in his thighs. One morning Don locked himself in the bathroom for half-an-hour and studied his drooping face and the jaunty thrust of his belly. The worm, he decided, must try for another turn.

The next day he spent his lunch-hour in a travel agency, buying a ticket for a three-month cruise on the most unattractive freighter he could find—the one with the worst food. He bought himself an exercise belt, a pair of tennis shoes, a track suit and a toothbrush.

On the afternoon of his great escape Don felt armoured enough to telephone his wife to say goodbye, however her reaction assured him that he was taking the only course open to a man of honour. "Don," she gasped, "my pillow, my little tummy," and ran for a taxi.

She arrived at the dockside in time to see a small, rusty boat manoeuvering herself out. Her husband was leaning over the starboard rail, waving above his head something that looked like a corset, and grinning in triumph. He cupped his hands round his mouth and shouted, "I'm going to exercise every day! The food's lousy! I'm going to enjoy myself." The gap of oily water between them widened rapidly. Underneath Don's feet in dirty white letters was painted, *SS. Wilberforce*, and underneath that, in smaller letters, London and Liverpool.

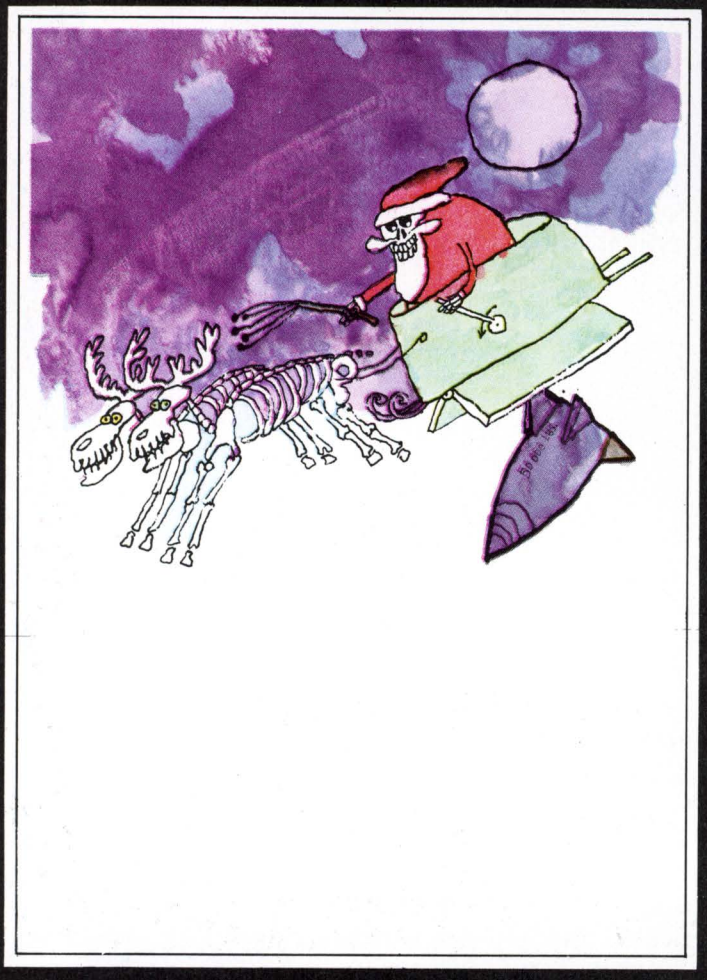
Sally's face screwed up and she started to cry, but by then Don was too far away to see.

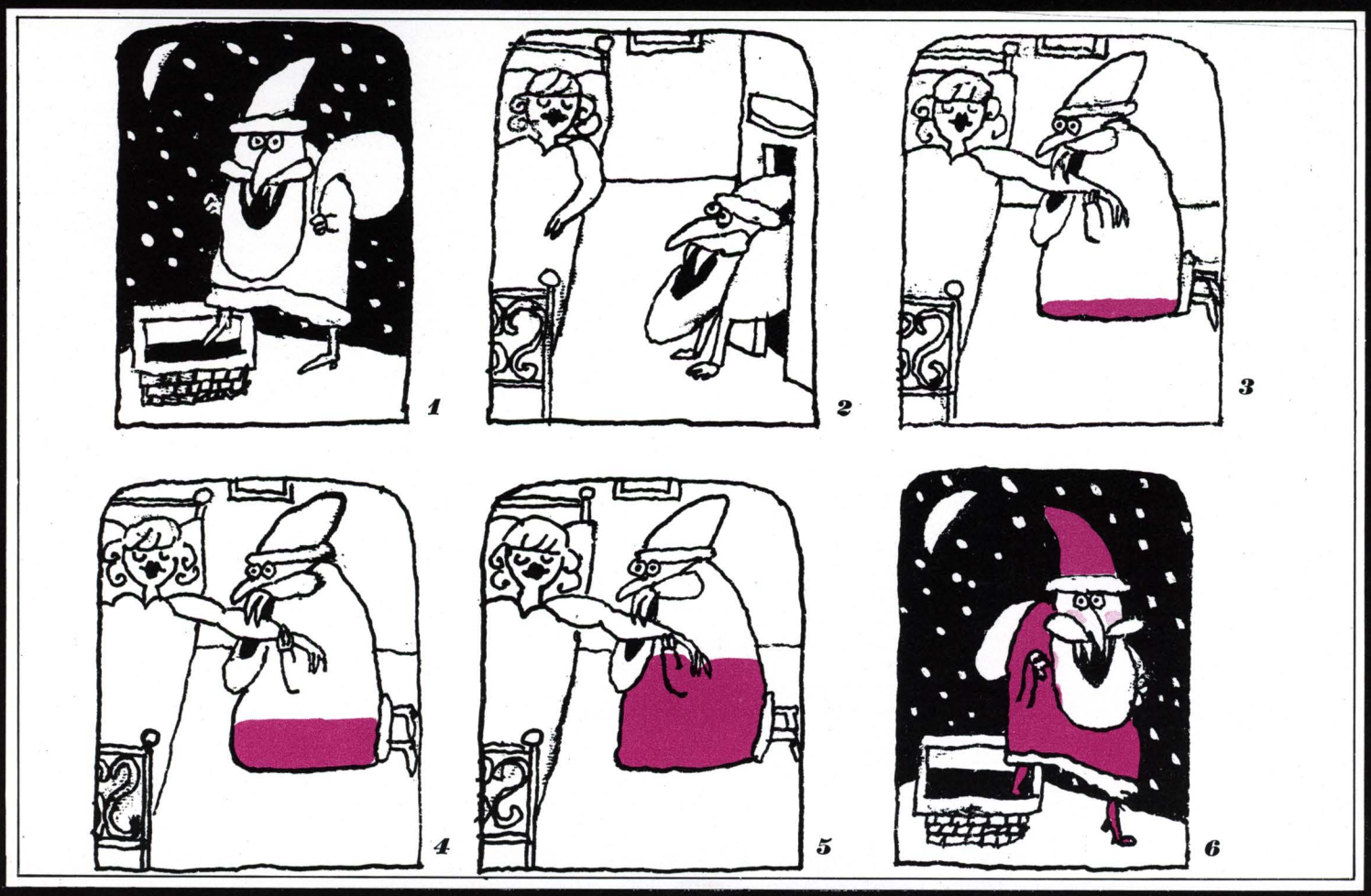
PARKER'S PROTEST

IN WHICH ARTIST PARKER EXAMINES THE NATIVITY NEUROSIS

Ever since Scrooge went soft-centred on us and laid down a deposit on a turkey, Christmas has stood as an indestructible symbol of garish goodwill. Ad-men sing of it, children unashamedly gobble it, churches stay open for it, Motherhood and Fatherhood go all starry-

eyed for it, and even the cynics put aside their world-weary masks and offer up an unlikely toast in favour of peace on earth. Occasionally a mutter of "sheer commercialism" is heard in the wilderness, but such heretical behaviour is labelled unsporting and put on the shelf. Nobody before, however, has ever dared display the macabre side of Christmas, that eerie factor that lurks in the shadows of the Yuletide scene—that Black Christmas. *Enter Parker, whose ironic pen tells the tale that needs be told; the tale of Santa's psychosomatic problems (the old chap, it seems, is addicted to compulsive-giving); of reindeer skeletons that rattle through the night sky, of mysterious breast-fetishes; of Santa's penchant for lingering in fireplaces of nubile chickies. The cast, you will note, is the same; only the dialogue has been changed to protect the unknowing. This, then, is Parker's Protest.*

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THE BEAR AND THE SNOWMAN

A FABLE OF OUR TIME BY JONATHAN CLEMENTS

A PUB-HAPPY GRIZZLY BEAR NAMED RUPERT, noted for his sage and savage wit, had drunk too much hard liquor on Christmas Eve and awoke in the night with a hangover as big as the Hilton. On the trail of fresh air he tiptoed downstairs, flung open the door and walked out into a silent and gentle snowstorm.

Immediately Rupert began a solemn yet rapturous dance—for grizzly bears are just kids at heart when it comes to snow—and proceeded to scoop up the white foam with joy shining in his eyes.

"I'll build a snowman!" sang the bear. "I'll build me a snowman that looks like Santa Claus. . . ."

All thoughts of his hangover fled as Rupert toiled away beneath the starlit sky, and within the hour a 20-ft. statue of snow reared up before him. After putting the finishing touches to Santa's profile the bear called it a night and went indoors to sleep the whole thing off.

Whilst Rupert lay slumbering the morning frost hardened the snowman and bestowed upon it a wondrous glaze. A laughing pack of baby grizzly bears, out for a gambol in the new winter wonderland, gazed up at it in wonder and joy.

"Say—there really *is* a Santa Claus," they all chanted. "It's not just a publicity stunt."

News of the seasonal visitation quickly flashed around the town; bears of all ages forsook their Christmas dinners and warm firesides to stand in the cold bright air and gape up at the snowy Santa Claus in complete enchantment. The local newspaper reporters, too, swarmed around it, wondering whose idea of a joke it all was. Then the television cameras arrived and began whirring away to record the scene.

The whole congregation got together and scratched their heads, in the way bears do, and racked their brains in trying to solve the wonderful mystery.

Then Rupert happened along and confessed that he was responsible for the creation of the Santa Claus snowman.

"And proud of it, too," he added. "In a way, it's an artistic reconstruction of the Christmas spirit, an effigy that'll promote goodwill to all men. —Here, have a cracker. . . ."

That very evening Rupert's grizzly face and famed snowman beamed out from every television set, and garnished the late editions of the newspapers. Inspired by his efforts, and jealous of his success, Rupert's neighbours attempted to build Santa Claus snowmen of their own. But they were not inspired by a starlit sky, and hard liquor did not pulse through their veins, so their efforts were shapeless failures. But they laughed it off, and each one of them secretly commissioned Rupert to build them Santa Claus snowmen just for themselves.

From garden to garden Rupert flitted that Christmas Day, erecting huge statues of snow, chuckling with glee as his wallet grew fatter and his reputation grew higher.

But the very next morning, on Boxing Day, the snow stopped falling and the sun came out to shine, bringing with it the *Thaw*. . . .

With horror in their eyes the grizzly bears stared at their exclusive Santa Claus snowmen, which had begun to drip.

"Are they *supposed* to do that?" they asked Rupert.

"But of course!" he laughed. "One moment a symbol of the Christmas—the next, a fashionable mobile!"

But the snowmen kept on dripping, and grew smaller and smaller, finally disappearing into so many wan and drab puddles of icy water.

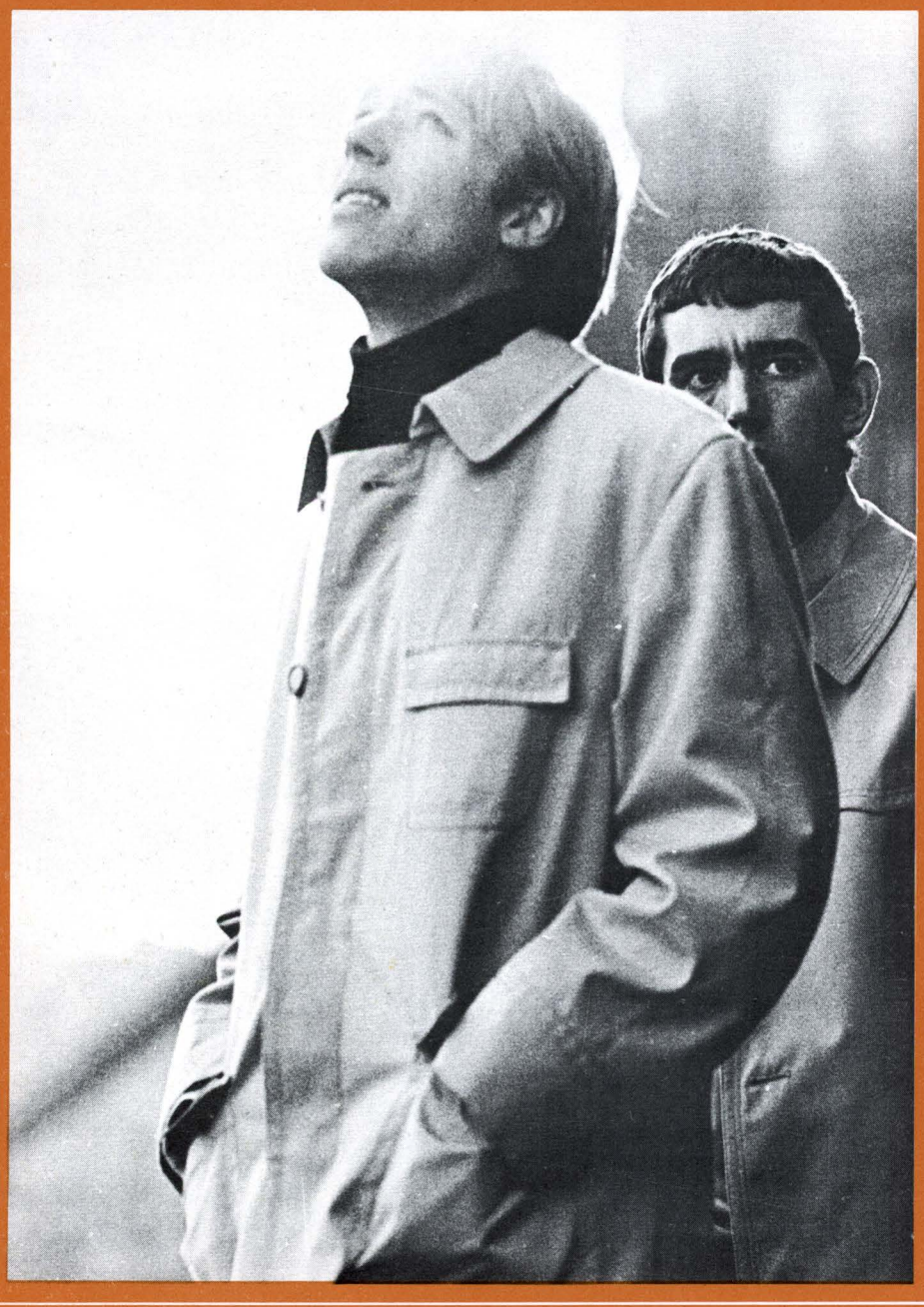
News of this development soon reached the ears of the Press and the Television people, and they raced to the scene, scenting a sensational failure in the air.

"*Santa Claus Snowmen a Hoax!*" screamed the evening papers, and across all the television screens pictures of Rupert's arrest were mercilessly flashed.

At this trial Rupert was convicted of fraud, and sentenced to 10 years' hard labour making little ones out of big ones.

MORAL: ***Snowballs do not a person make, nor public bars a sage.***

Knee-length car coat by Junex in Terylene/cotton has straight back and two side vents with a high Prussian collar and three patch pockets. The military influence is illustrated by the heavy stitching along the pocket flaps, collar and fly front. Approx. 13 gns, from Selfridges, W.1, Carswells, Glasgow, Watson Prickard, Manchester.



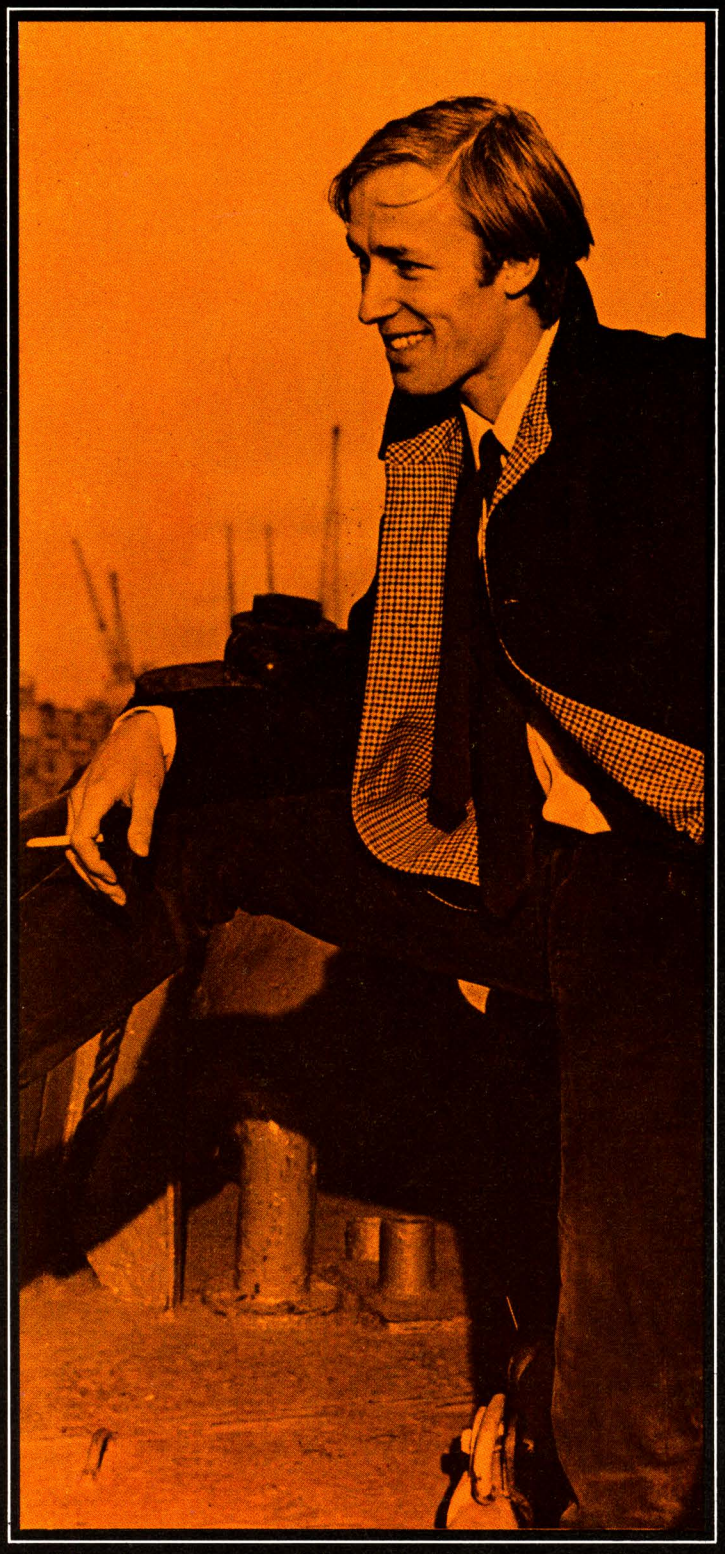
Fashion by Mike Ward/Photographed by Richard Stirling

STORM WARMING

Guesting this month's fashion feature is a weather-wise but sun-scorned Sarne by the name of Mike. A product of the polydimensional world of Pop, Mike has accumulated plaudits diverse enough to set himself up as a one-man entertainment industry. He has just finished producing, writing and directing his first film, an "anti-travellogue" called THE HOLIDAY. His first novel, THE THREE LIVES OF NIGEL KELLAND will be published in the Spring and he is already hard at work on his second. Between times, Mike is a practising fashion photographer with his own photographic agency, a journalist, film critic and book reviewer for the *Evening Standard*. He is a successful writer, composer and performer in the pop idiom with an impressive series of legitimate stage and screen credits thrown in. Meantime, Mike has taken time off from the between time to enliven the PENTHOUSE fashion scene—dull weather permitting that is—and it was.

The military influence in raincoats apparent for the past two seasons continues, although the original concepts are somewhat refined. More and more styles favour the fly front giving the garment a clean uncluttered line. Heavy stitching illustrates the military origin. There are still a number of trenchcoats available with all the traditional trappings—epaulettes, back and front yolks, cuff straps, leather buckles, etc. But the major change in styling for spring is the length. Calf-length is strongly favoured and knee-length is definitely as far as you can go. Fabrics, including nylon fur for linings are becoming lighter reflecting the space age idea of warmth without weight. In the case of linings this is probably due to the widespread similarity in "outer styling," and the manufacturers need to create newer, and more sophisticated sales features. The result is an overall improvement in both style and fabric and an increase in the number of quilted and synthetic fur linings currently available. On the more practical side, thrifty shoppers will find that many of these are detachable making the raincoat a handy garment for all seasons.

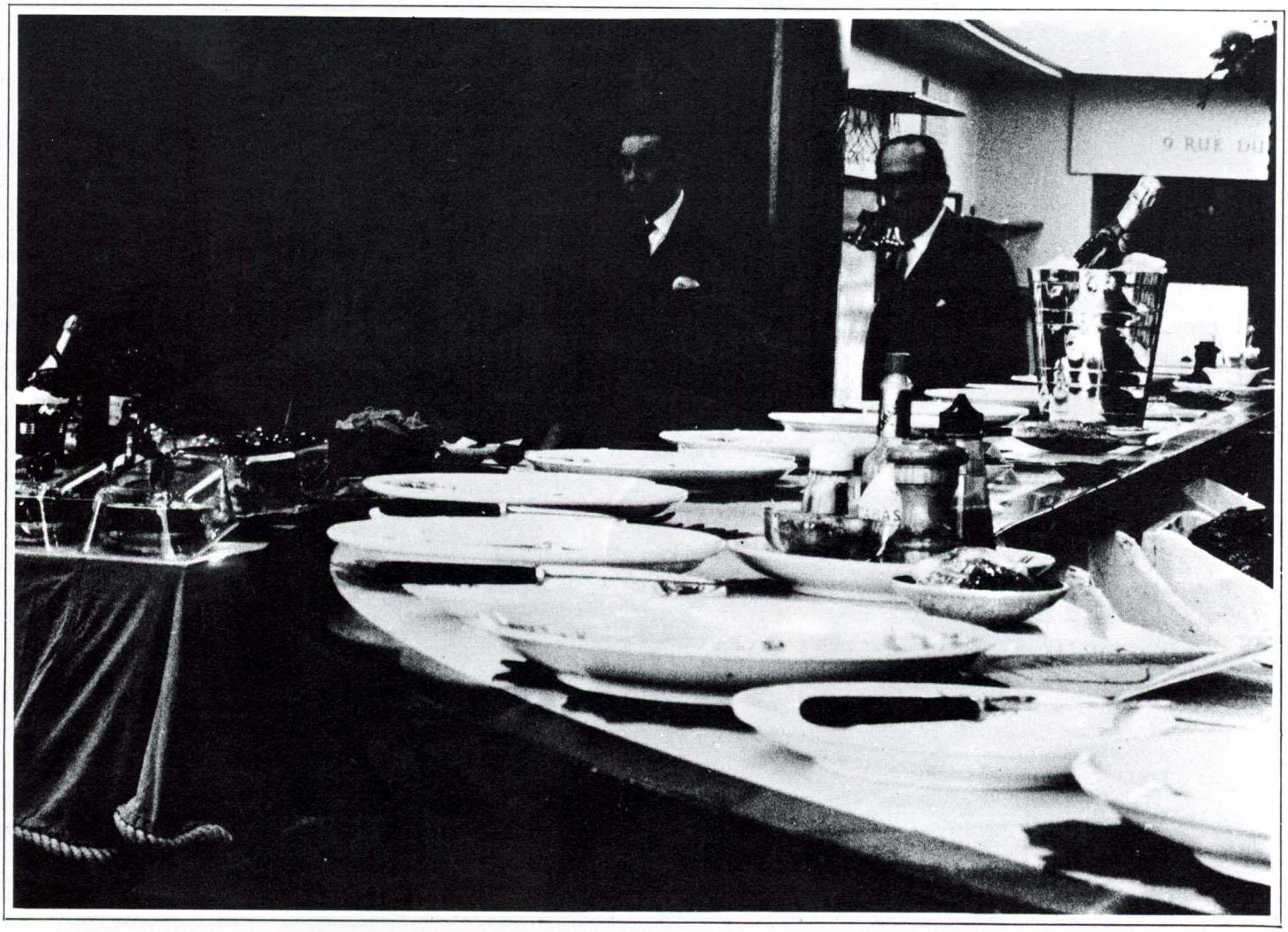
Maigret trench coat in uncrushable Tergal from Jupiter with all the military trappings. £22 10s. 0d. from Peter Goodfellow, Park Lane, W.1, Clothes for Milord, Dennan St., W.1, Mark II, Soho St., W.1.



Thigh length car coat is single-breasted with three patch pockets and a superb two-tone green check lining. 12 gns from Gallery Cavanagh, 32 Elizabeth St., S.W.1 and Hales St. Coventry.

Single-breasted cotton poplin raincoat has a half-belt at the back and nylon fur collar and lapels—the fur continues the full length of the coat. There is a two-part lining inside—the top is quilted and the lower half has a fur fabric. Available in black with dark grey fur or fawn with brown fur. 19 gns from Cecil Gee, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1.

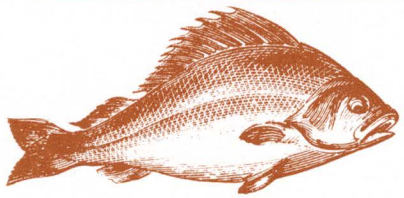
Semi-military, single-breasted coat by Junex with front and back yolk that can be worn with or without a belt.
Approx. 18 gns from
Smart Weston and branches



Richard Stirling

FOOD AND DRINK

SEAFOOD



AN ANTIDOTE TO CHRISTMAS

BY NICOLAS RIEBA

AT ABOUT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR EVERY wine and food writer latches on to that inexhaustible perennial, the groaning Xmas board. We shall be bombarded by recipes for turkey stuffing, mince pies, mulled wines and brandy butter. The scene will be set for the world's greatest food orgy, capsulated into the shortest possible digestive cycle. Dealers in crystallized Chinese figs, and purveyors of sweet, viscous liqueurs leap out of their year-long obscurity rubbing their hands—and the voice of the bicarbonate merchant is heard in the land.

Frankly, by the end of Xmas dinner I've had enough. On Boxing Day I pick up the pieces, nibble at a cool stick of celery and envy my faddist vegetarian friends.

Go out into the deserted street on Boxing Day and listen. A heavy torpor of over-eating hangs over London like a pall. The grey silent city is in the throes of a cosmic indigestion, and if you listen carefully you can hear, like the distant humming of "THEM",—the painful creaking of ten million British stomachs digesting their Xmas dinner.

It is the day of the great gastronomic hangover, a time to consider antidotes and remedies. Life must go on—but what can we eat when everything edible has been eaten, and the excess-deadened palate begs for mercy?

My own suggestion is seafood—all creatures that inhabit the cool depths of seas, lakes and rivers. Their abundance is known, their variety inexhaustible, and, as yet, no one has found the means of applying the broiler battery principle to the ocean. So, if you want to escape from the post-prandial chaos of the kitchen, those turkey carcasses beached immovably like gutted galleons on the table, the squashed liqueur chocolates on the carpet, and the rock-like remains of the Xmas pud, go to the nearest seafood restaurant, and enjoy a sea-change. Some plain steamed white fish will work miracles for your digestion, a clear fish bouillon will restore your liver, and half a dozen fresh Natives will put an edge on your appetite.

Sheekeys. *29-31 St Martin's Court, W.C.2 (Tel. TEM 4118)*

Absolutely basic sea-food, completely uncamped-up both in décor and menu. Plain white tablecloths, bustling, cheery waitresses in white aprons, photos of bygone theatrical personalities, and old-fashioned curly coat-racks on the walls. Steamed-up windows, cigar smoke, the atmosphere of James Joyce's Dublin.

Huge portions of superb sea-food—all steamed, nothing fried—with vast slabs of turbot nestling under veils of green parsley sauce. Chunks of the freshest, sweetest lobster I've ever eaten, piled on top of a

large, mixed salad. No puddings are served here, so finish up with some crisp celery and a piece of gorgonzola.

The Golden Carp. *8a Mount Street, W.1 (Tel. GRO 3385)*

Seafood in the international style, cooked by an enterprising young Alsatian chef. Try his brill and sorrel pâté, a mosaic in cool green and white, or his Sea Bass flambéed in Pernod on a bed of fennel. Finish up, a trifle incongruously perhaps, with that dear old nursery favourite Apple Crumble, given the haute cuisine touch and served with cream in individual earthenware dishes. The place has an intimate "dive" atmosphere, and there are some pleasantly original features, such as the tables of rough-hewn polished wood, a back-of-the-bar mural of stained glass left over from Coventry Cathedral, and a wall of illuminated pebbles. All very pleasant and civilized.

Taverna Marina. *9 Dean Street, W.1 (Tel. GER 6348)*

O Sole Mio! and all that jazz. But the sole is good, and the guitarist 'simpatico'. The décor is a Cook's tour of the Mediterranean, complete with fish-nets, lobster pots, anchors, rigging, murals of the deep-blue Adriatic, and waiters in the now ubiquitous striped matelot vests.

Sea-food is prepared almost entirely in the Italian style, i.e. rich and rococo with lashings of mushrooms, cream, white wine and brandy—the speciality: Sole cooked in a paper bag. A good starter is the Involtini di Salmone, smoked salmon wrapped around fresh prawns. Friendly, informal service and a very pleasant manager.

Shores. *93 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7 (Tel. KNI 9571)*

The latest arrival on the seafood scene, and no expense spared. Glamorous waitresses, upholstered to match the banquettes, have been taught to glide by the Mary Young Charm School. Chairs at £80 each, and £4,000 for the loos alone. Enormous entry lounge, complete with Venus di Milo and a forest of illuminated plants, leading to a St Trop. type bar. Downstairs, the curtained walls undulate like waves in an artificial draught; glass-topped tables are supported on white coral-like growths, and a pretty brunette from Southend, swathed in pink chiffon, sings "La Malaguena" under the chandeliers.

Here seafood—once the Sacred Cow of British restaurants—has been given the Grand Camp treatment. Soles are named for Chopin—mushrooms, grapes and mandarins—for Wagner, who reclines rather suitably on a bed of sauerkraut; while Benjamin Britten is associated with asparagus tips and Sousa with fried bananas. All good clean fun, but rather more a parlour game than a menu. Pacific Prawns are gingered up with Dynamita, "a hot and succulent sauce of the Incas" and the pièce de résistance is Flaming Abdullah, salmon grilled on a sword and served flaming at your table with a sauce of sour cream and caviare!

Fisherman's Wharf. *215 Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Tel. KNI 1505)*

One of the prettiest restaurant windows in London, a glowing screen of gilded cockle shells. Inside, a modern streamlined treatment, deep green walls, concealed lighting, orange tablecloths—a few good prints of marine life are the only concession to fishiness made by the designers here.

Food is simple and streamlined too, with an occasional touch of fantasy in the sauces. If you want something homey and different, try the Nantucket fish pie. Top marks for the seating arrangements, which combine comfort and privacy to an unusual extent.

Strongwaters. *79-81 Mortimer Street, W.1 (Tel. LAN 3615)*

Unique in London, this one is 100% kosher —so no prawns, lobsters, eels or crabs. To compensate for this, however, you can enjoy such delicacies as Gefilte Fish, Mackerel served cold in egg and lemon sauce, Fillet of Sole Ilan, poached in sherry sauce and garnished with smoked salmon and pimentos, or Halibut Tivon with mushrooms and almonds. Absolutely fanatical Scampi addicts can content themselves with Kosher Scampi, fine goujons or strips of sole fried and served with sauce tartare. And of course there are always those gorgeous cheese blintzes to follow!

Wheelers Oyster Bar. *19 Old Compton Street, W.1 (Tel. GER 2706)*

One of the most civilized eating counters in the West End.

A special menu that does not reflect the wide choice (e.g. 28 different ways with sole) of the main restaurant. But a boon for those who are recovering. Turtle Soup with sherry after half-a-dozen oysters is my prescription for queasy stomachs, washed down by a glass of Chablis. The Lobster Bisque is always excellent and if you are hungry ask for Scampi Meunière, a better choice than the fried ones. This is a specialist seafood restaurant and I would not be surprised if the waiters had fins.

So there you are, and if you can't find something to tempt your jaded palate among that lot you deserve to live on cold turkey for the rest of the year. Of course you may be broke as well as bilious, in which case there's always Tubby Isaac's seafood stall in Petticoat Lane. His prawns are really delicious, and how about some jellied eels? They'll cost you 13/6d. at Prunier's but Tubby will fill you a carton for half a crown. Another thought—I'm told that the best fish and chip shop in London is to be found in Wembley, where an ex-fish-chef from the Savoy is turning that much-maligned product into food fit for Neptune himself—but perhaps you'd like to investigate for yourselves?

"and to my brother Albert, I bequeath"

Luck of the Draw

continued from page 25 obviously forgotten to note down the last time I paid you."

This was a deliberate, though rather desperate attempt to humiliate his landlady, a kind of verbal blow below the belt, for it was well known to all her boarders that *doña* Eugenia could neither read nor write. But she had all the toughness and self-reliance of most illiterates who were nonetheless managing all right in a literate world and was not in the least put out.

"You mind you pay up by tomorrow, young man," she cautioned, wagging a thick forefinger under his nose, "or I'll send for the police and sell your things to the rag man."

"All right, all right," Chico managed, with some dignity. "But I shall want a signed receipt as required by law." And with that he stamped into his room and slammed the door.

Chico opened his window and gazed gloomily down at the scene of noisy activity below. For a tiny instant it occurred to him how easily he could settle all his problems by just falling out, but in the next instant he shuddered at the same thought and withdrew hastily from the window. Broodingly, he began to dress.

He put on a white shirt and a blue tie with a huge knot, then white socks, a beige mohair suit and snakeskin shoes. He arranged a red handkerchief in the top pocket of his jacket with all the deft devotion of a Japanese flower arranger, and was ready to go. On the way out he came upon *doña* Eugenia talking to a lottery ticket hawker at the front door.

"Let me look at the numbers, old man," Chico said and began perusing the sheets of tickets. He was looking for one with two sevens in a row, a combination that had a peculiar attraction for him. The purchase of a thousand losing tickets, all with two sevens in a row, had so far failed to convince him that these numbers meant no more for him than any others. *Doña* Eugenia had already made her purchase with characteristic dispatch, taking the first one she saw. Chico took rather longer but finally bought one and put it in his pocket. The ticket hawker thanked them both, wished them luck and shuffled off. *Doña* Eugenia touched Chico's arm and held out her ticket to him.

"Just see if the date is right, will you?" she asked. "I don't want a ticket for last week's lottery." Chico examined the ticket.

"Yes," he said. "This one is for today."

Chico was a junior member of a business that had fallen on hard times. It was the import licence business and Chico was one of a select band of legmen working for a tight little organization that had managed, by the cultivation of useful friendships in key places coupled with the most judicious bribery, to achieve a position in which it could obtain import licences for merchandise on the government's restricted list. There had been a time, not long ago, when Chico had been able to obtain a surcharge of as much as 25 per cent on the value of licences supplied and, although his own cut was only a quarter of this sum, it still made for very easy living at little effort. But an outcry in the opposition press and several envious charges of corruption in the House of Representatives had had a depressing effect on turnover. The word had gone round among the merchants that things would change soon and this was no time to buy an import licence. Chico's organization had reduced the price of a licence to 15 per cent, then to 10 per cent, and now to 5. But even at that figure there was scarcely a taker to be found. Chico worked five times as hard for a fifth of the reward. No wonder he was despondent, no wonder he began to feel that he was in the wrong racket.

Throughout the heat of the day Chico footed it up and down the side streets that cross the Avenida Rio Branco, offering licences for luxury goods in a dozen places. He always put his proposition very discreetly, only hinting at the truth. He spoke of ways and means, of being able to offer a specialized knowledge of the law and of the requirements of the Ministry of Trade, of guaranteed results for a modest fee, etc. Had he in fact been offering a genuine service he would have received far less attention than he did. But those whom he approached, experienced merchants all, immediately recognized him for what he was and understood exactly what it was he was offering. They were all polite and thanked him for calling. They all regretted there was nothing they needed just now, but would be glad to see him again if times should change.

Hot, perspiring and feeling near to exhaustion, Chico stopped in the street to count the money in his pocket. Eight hundred cruzeiros: enough to keep him in meals for a week or two. But what good would that be with no roof over his head, nowhere to have a bath and change his clothes? Chico stood on the busy sidewalk, blind to the world rushing noisily by, a gaudily elegant but crestfallen figure, hands deep in his trouser pockets and head sunk on his chest, gloomily contemplating ruin. What would be the end of it all? Had his luck really run out? Would he finally be forced to get himself a job as a clerk somewhere, sit in a smelly office totting up meaningless figures? He groaned aloud at the thought of it, but could see no other way out.

Then suddenly he had an idea. Why not ask little Amelia for a small loan? Of course! The more he thought about it the more he felt sure this would be a sure-fire solution. Light of heart and smiling to himself he strolled jauntily down the Rua Ouvidor, past all the glittering shops and to the Largo da Carioca, winking and pursing his lips at every pretty girl on the way. He swung himself gaily aboard a moving tram and settled down to the swaying and clattering ride to Copacabana where Amelia lived.

In more affluent times Chico had been generous to Amelia. He and she had bestowed on each other a regular thrice-weekly ration of affection and he had more often than not given her more than her current price. She had always been glad to see him and, as he saw it, had every reason to be. If there was anyone in the world to help him now, it was she.

She lived in a bed-sitter in a box-like skyscraper at the northern end of Copacabana. The room, though not large, was abundantly over furnished. The centrepiece, as it were, was an enormous divan-bed, but all around were easy chairs, poufs and cushions, deep rugs and knee-high tables. There was a profusion of silk everywhere and a heady reek of strong perfume filled the air. A black clay image of the voodoo god Exú sat fatly on a shelf and leered confidently across the room at a crucifix hanging from the wall above the bed.

Amelia was dressing herself when Chico opened the door and strolled in. She stopped at once, for with him there it seemed pointless to continue. In slip and brassière, she advanced to meet him. She kissed him on the cheek like an old friend, made him sit down in one of the easy chairs and perched cross-legged on the arm of it next to him.

"How are you, Chico, my love?" she asked pleasantly. "Do things go well with you?"

"Bad, Amelia. Things are very bad indeed," Chico replied with funereal solemnity. To look at him now you would say that things just could not be worse.

"*Coitadinho*," Amelia sympathized, stroking him softly behind the ears. "My poor thing! But your Amelia will make you feel better soon."

"No, Amelia, no!" he said. "I cannot think of frivolity at a time like this. There are urgent problems to be solved and I cannot afford to waste time on distractions—even though," he added, putting his hand on her knee, "they are the loveliest and most wonderful distractions in the whole world."

"And yet you came to see me. I am glad for I love my Chico, even when he is miserable." She slid expertly off the arm of the chair on to his lap and put her arms around his neck.

"No, no!" Chico cried, both arms outstretched and straining his head away. "I tell you, Amelia, I am faced with ruin. How can I allow myself to be tempted now?"

"Tell me about it later," she whispered.

He looked at her rather ruefully, an expression of hopeless yet delighted surrender in his eyes, and he decided there are some temptations that simply should not be resisted, ever.

Next morning Chico awoke before Amelia and smote his forehead sharply at the thought of time wasted.

"My God in Heaven!" he exclaimed. "How can I play like this when I am threatened with eviction, disgrace, beggary and the end of the world? I have no time to lose."

He scrambled out of bed and quickly dressed. Then he awakened Amelia by

lightly pinching the lobe of her ear. She stirred and looked at him sleepily.

"What is it, Chico? Are you going already?"

"I must go, Amelia," Chico said urgently. "But listen, my darling: I have something to tell you."

"What, Chico?"

"Amelia," Chico blurted out. "The truth is I have nothing for you this time." Amelia laughed softly.

"Why, you old cheat!" she said. "But never mind. Next time you will be generous to your Amelia and I will forgive you. All right?" She closed her eyes and settled herself to fall asleep again.

"Wait, Amelia," Chico cried. "Of course I'll be generous next time. I'll be very generous, as I have often been in the past . . ."

"Good, Chico! Next time, then. God bless!"

"But there is something else, Amelia. Please listen to me."

"I'm listening, Chico. What is it?"

"I need two thousand cruzeiros. Will you lend it to me?"

For a long moment she did not answer. Then she sat bolt upright in bed and looked at Chico with an expression of puzzlement that gradually changed to outrage as she saw that he was serious.

"Me lend you money?" It was as though she was afraid to believe her ears, as if someone had told her that her grandfather was a baboon. "*Me* lend *you* money?" she repeated, aghast.

"Just a couple of thousand for a few days, Amelia. I need it badly. If you don't agree I really won't know what to do. Disgrace, the very end . . ."

"Get out," she screamed. "Get out! You schemer, you rotten pig, GET OUT!"

Mute and quite shattered, Chico crept out. He descended in the lift and walked out into the sunny street like a zombi, seeing and hearing nothing. His eyes on the ground in front of him, he walked down to the beach and two hundred yards along it before he remembered the lottery ticket in his pocket. The recollection nearly brought him to his knees in an agony of relief and hope. All was not lost. Here in his pocket was a last chance, a chance to solve all his difficulties in a dramatic and glorious way. Oh, Lord, let there be a prize for Chico! Just a few thousand lousy cruzeiros, please!

Eyes bright and back straight, he smiled at the world. With a few thousand cruzeiros in his pocket he would be a man again and walk the earth like a king. He would go to Amelia, the ungrateful little bitch, throw a five-hundred cruzeiro bank-note into her room and leave without saying a word. Then he would buy a bunch of flowers for *doña* Eugenia and melt her stony heart. He would give her the largest bottle of perfume he could buy and demand new curtains for his room. Heh-heh, but life was wonderful, and what a place of friendly sights and sounds was this sunny world!

With great haste he made his way to the lottery bank near where he lived. The broadsheets bearing the results were pinned up outside for all to consult and a group of people, tickets in hands, was eagerly perusing them. Chico was just about to push his way among them when he felt someone take hold of his elbow. He turned and was surprised to see *doña* Eugenia standing beside him.

"Don't worry, *doña* Eugenia," he cried. "I have it. I'll pay you within the hour."

"That's good," she said. "But while you are here will you check this ticket for me in case I have won something?"

"Of course, *doña* Eugenia," Chico agreed, taking the ticket from her and pushing his way up to the list of prizes. To his amazement, as he read the numbers, he saw that she had won 20,000 cruzeiros. This filled him with such black despair that he almost fainted. He suddenly remembered all the hundreds of worthless tickets he had bought over the past years and knew beyond a shadow of doubt that the one in his pocket was just another dud. He was about to push back to *doña* Eugenia with the news of her win when a thought of great craftiness occurred to him, and he acted upon it without further reflection. He put her ticket in his pocket and took out his own. This he folded and handed nonchalantly back to Eugenia.

"Nothing for this one, I'm afraid," he said. "Better luck next time."

Containing himself with an almost superhuman effort he wandered slowly off. His heart was so full of excitement that it nearly cracked his ribs and he could not wait to collect the money, but something told him he had better do so at another lottery bank. He took a tram and went into town, laughing to himself all the way until the tears streamed down his cheeks.

Chico took a taxi. He sprawled in the back like a nabob and chuckled richly to himself as he felt the fat wad of banknotes in his pocket. He drove out to Amelia's place, gave her five hundred cruzeiros and kept the taxi waiting for three quarters of an hour. He went and had himself shaved and shampooed and then discharged the taxi, with a generous tip, outside the "Golden Beefsteak" restaurant where he paid a small fortune for a huge meal and a bottle of imported wine. In a state of delicious euphoria, but with his excitement pleasantly mellowed, he bought a dozen roses and a massive flask of perfume and went home to see *doña* Eugenia.

But she was not at home. Feeling slightly deflated, Chico arranged the flowers in a vase and put the flask of perfume beside them on the dining room table. It was half past three in the afternoon and the cinemas were open, so Chico went to the cinema. A film involving luxury yachts and a nude Brigitte Bardot sunning peach-like buttocks on the shores of the Mediterranean suggested to Chico that there were tremendous potentialities in foreign travel. He reflected sadly that even a rich man could always do with being a little bit richer. Another twenty thousand, for instance, and he could have afforded a trip to Europe and chanced his arm on the Côte d'Azur.

Doña Eugenia was laying the table for supper when he returned. She smiled at him and told him that she was making *bacalhoada* for this evening, a dish he relished.

"Magnificent," said Chico delightedly. "And I will go out and get a bottle of good white wine."

"No need," *doña* Eugenia answered. "I have a bottle on ice in the kitchen."

"Did you find the flowers and perfume I bought for you?" Chico asked. "You can have the rent any time you want it, too."

"I did indeed, and it was very nice of you, *senhor* Pinto," she said. "You shouldn't have done it, but I am very grateful just the same." She spoke with quite unaccustomed softness so that Chico thought: "Great Heavens! I really have melted her old rock of a heart."

"As for the rent," she continued, "I don't want that. You can keep it as my present to you."

Now, this was so completely out of character that Chico felt distinctly alarmed.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "You want to make me a present of the rent? What's the matter?"

"Because you are a nice boy, for one thing," she said. "and because I am going to sell the boarding house and return to Portugal."

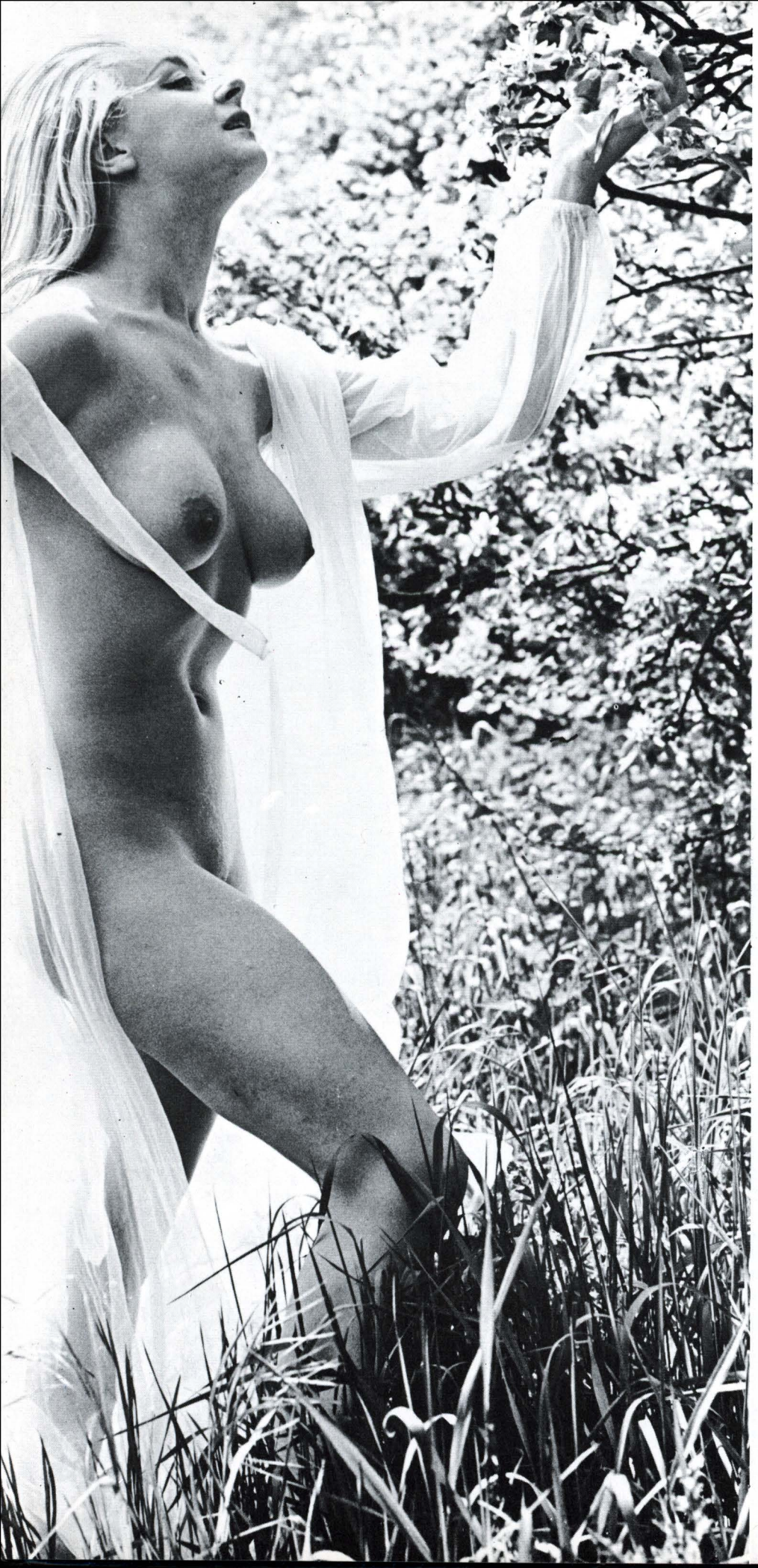
"Going to sell the . . .? Going back to Portugal . . .? What's all this?"

She folded her arms across her ample bosom and looked at him squarely.

"I have won a million cruzeiros on the lottery," she said. "My ticket won first prize."

"Your ticket won . . .?" Chico's jaw dropped, his eyes protruded and he felt as if he were about to fall. Recovering himself somehow, he looked keenly at *doña* Eugenia. He saw her pursed lips and dark eyes that were brimming with suppressed merriment—and he understood. She must have gone back to the lottery bank, like the cautious old thing she was, just to check on what she supposed was her own ticket and found that it had won the big prize. *She* had become a millionaire on *his* ticket. Then she had put two and two together and seen through his whole grotesque and comic deceit.

For several seconds he stood there staring at her, marvelling at the duplicity of fate. Then he realized there was nothing for it but to submit. He felt laughter rising in him which he could not and had no wish to suppress. She, too, could contain herself no longer. They stood looking at each other and laughing until the tears flowed and their sides ached, until they could stand no longer and sat down facing each other and pointing at each other and wiping their eyes and laughing, and laughing.

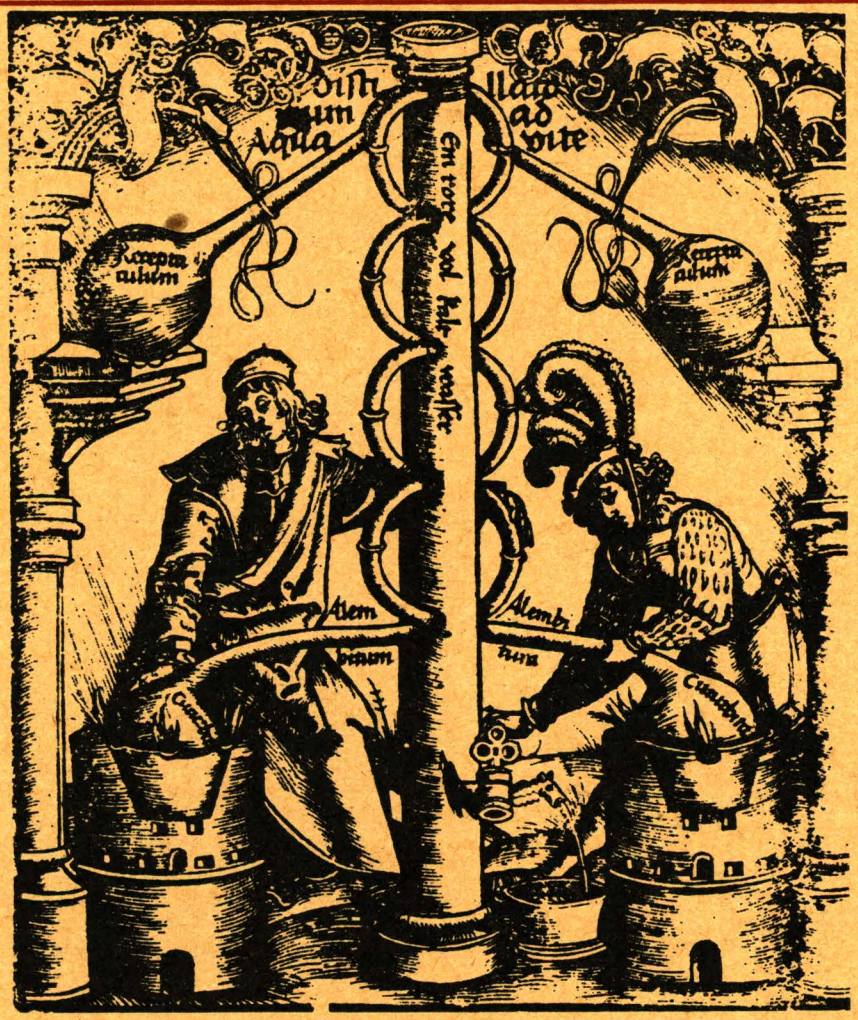


PASTORAL PET

Proceeding on the assumption that there is no better way to enjoy the winter than by reflecting on summers past and that no summer is ever complete without the active configurations of a young man's fancy lightly turned, we decided to recapture something of the dream. And to admirers of the female form, these pastoral images of midsummer merriment will have a warming effect on that still, cosy corner of the male memory— the niche where nought of the nubile grace of woman is ever completely forgotten.

PASTORAL PET

In order to construct this pictorial pathway to paradise, we are indebted to Richard Stirling (who took the atmospheric photographs), to Miss Mandy Morgan (who posed and played with such enchanting panache), and to Mother Nature (who provided the trees, light, wind and other special effects).



APHRODISIACS

by Alan Hull Walton

From time immemorial, man has sought to increase his sexual desire and potency through an ever increasing variety of foods, drugs, elixirs, rituals and other pharmacological and metaphysical means. Alan Hull Walton traces the history of aphrodisiacs, their recipes, uses, and relative failures and successes.

ONE OF THE MOST SURPRISING SOCIAL FACTS OF OUR TIME IS THE incredible number of men, from the very young to the middle-aged, who incorrectly believe themselves to be impotent — or, at most, only relatively potent. Yet true impotence, as medical men know only too well, is extremely rare. Psychological impotence, however, is easily induced by fear; and such widespread fear seems originally to have been instigated in Europe and America, by writings on sex and masturbation derived mainly from the opinions of a misguided eighteenth-century French medico (accepted even by Voltaire!) named Tissot. Thus the ever-increasing demand, over the past two hundred years, for cures, panaceas, restoratives, rejuvenators, and sex-stimulants.

Nevertheless, fear of impotence, and the search for food and drugs which would increase desire, potency, and 'unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged', have dominated world sexological research from time immemorial. In more ancient civilizations such research was especially dictated by wealthy rulers and potentates who had literally exhausted themselves, not only in the pursuit of sexual pleasure, but in the indulgence of every form of libido gratification known to man. And it was dictated not only by men who had thus exhausted themselves, but also by those who wished to increase their sensual pleasures, and multiply *ad infinitum* the number of physical acts of which they were momentarily capable.

And just as men sought remedies against impotence, women also sought means for avoiding the stigma of barrenness—a stigma, which according to Davenport and others, was dreaded all over the world, but expecially in the East. Which may explain to some extent why the East became the cradle for the first crude researches into the possibility of aphrodisiac preparations, both as regards the culinary arts and more legitimate medicine.

Among the earliest recorded references to aphrodisiacs is that regarding the mandrake: "And Reuben went in the days of wheat harvest, and found mandrakes in the field, and brought them unto his mother Leah. Then Rachel said to Leah, Give me, I pray thee, of thy son's mandrakes."

Belief in the special virtues of the mandrake was not restricted

to the Jews. It was also valued in ancient Greece and Rome. Dioscorides knew of it, and remarked that its root was utilized in love-potions. Other writers describe it as increasing sexual desire and potency, as a remedy against female sterility, and as an aid to conception. Even Pliny praises its virtues . . .

Some people believed that the gathering of the mandragora root was fraught with mysterious dangers, and that when pulled from the earth it shrieked like a human being in agony. Shakespeare refers to it more than once. A single quotation will suffice: "And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth, that living mortals, hearing them run mad." (*Romeo & Juliet*, Act IV, sc. iii).

Actually the mandrake is a plant of the same family as the potato. It is found chiefly in the Mediterranean regions, and has a short stem topped by ovate leaves. Its root is thick, and frequently forked like two legs. Its fruit consists of fleshy berries of an orange colour. Its emetic, purgative, and narcotic actions were highly prized in ancient times. Today, however, it has fallen into disrepute, except in the East, where it is occasionally used as an anti-spasmodic.

The pith from a branch of the pomegranate tree was believed to increase sexual potency. The testicles of various animals, especially the ass—an animal of considerable amorous propensities—formed a common addition to the aphrodisiac dietary. Horace speaks of dried marrow and liver as being popular in his time. Amongst the numerous remaining items we find: the intestines of various birds and fishes, parts of reptiles, shell-fish, oysters, frogs and frog-bones, metals, ground rhinoceros horn, and nail-parings. Even semen and menstrual blood were employed, as in magical practices. Many kinds of herbs were freely utilized; these were specially gathered and tested by shepherds. The sperm of the deer was valued, as also the penis of the wolf and hedgehog, castoreum, musk, and civet. Mushrooms, birthworts, and resins were recommended.

Many other means of achieving erection and curing impotence were known to the Greeks and Romans. Some of these were purely magical, taking the form of ritual and incantation, and worked in a manner which may be likened to modern auto-suggestion. Others consisted of love-potions and ointments for local application. Unfortunately, however, exact information is not to be found anywhere in the pages of the writers of antiquity, regarding the composition of these medicaments. Those who concocted and sold such aphrodisiacs guarded their secrets well. Some of these remedies were undoubtedly dangerous, resulting in illness, temporary madness, and even death. Gallus, for example, became insane due to such usage; whilst Lucullus and Lucretius both died as the result of taking aphrodisiac preparations.

The Arabs were especially celebrated for their careful investigation into aphrodisiac cookery and pharmacology, and produced many works on the subject, chief amongst these being the notorious *Perfumed Garden* of the Shaykh Nefzawi. As, however, I have already edited and annotated a complete and unexpurgated edition of Sir Richard Burton's celebrated translation of this extensive work (published in hard-cover by Neville Spearman, and in paperback by Panther Books, both of London; and likewise by Putnam and Capricorn Books in New York) I shall refrain from quoting Nefzawi's lengthy disquisitions on the subject.

Other Arab authors—like the modern French—teach us that; "The use of perfumery by men should be included among those things which conduce to sexual union; for, when as the woman doth inhale the odour of the scent, she waxeth faint, and shortly becometh utterly distraught. Yea, ofttimes have men been assisted in obtaining possession of women through the seductive influence of the odour of those perfumes with which they had previously been at pains to besprinkle themselves . . ." (*The Old Man Young Again*).

This race, celebrated for their devotion to the practical sciences, can produce an astonishing list of names of mark in the history of medicine. One of the chief of these, Avicenna, physician and philosopher, who died during A.D. 1037, was the author of a body of work which, although today it would be placed in the quasi-medical or 'curious' category, still retains considerable serious interest. Avicenna—or, to give him his correct name, Abu Ali al-Husain ibn Sina—a physician who ruined himself by hard work and loose living, pays much attention to coital technique and its accessories—things which his own experience, in many instances, qualified him to discuss with authority. His attitude towards sex and its manifestations, like that of other Islamic authors, is always reverential: "The High God created two testicles, . . . and these are members of chief importance, in which the sperm is generated from the humours conveyed to them by the veins, which humours are the overflow, so to speak, of the food in the whole body in its fourth stage of digestion . . ." He devotes space to the abuse of coition, and (erroneously) draws attention to the danger of certain copulatory positions. In his chapters 'De Horis Coitus' and 'De Spermate' he sets forth ideas, many of which remain correct today: "As to excessive frequency of desire, when it goes with vigour of body and a sanguine healthy complexion, and youth and power to regulate intercourse, and is not followed by weakness, there is no need to concern oneself about dieting the man or curbing his desires . . ."

Amongst his remedies for increasing pleasure he recommends the taking of cubebs into the mouth, honey of emblica, and honey compounded with scammony; also ginger and pepper with honey. The saliva, impregnated with this mixture, is applied to the end half of the male organ. A procedure which does not seem advisable, and which may result in an unpleasant irritation. For increasing the dimensions of membrum virile he says: "It is increased in size by rubbing in hot fats and oils after friction with a rough cloth and the pouring of different sorts of milk over it, mostly sheep's milk; and by the subsequent application of a pitch-plaster, to draw the blood . . ." This technique seems dangerous, to say the least, and the supposed cure infinitely more painful than the original condition!

A London firm, probably harking back to the old Arabic prescriptions, were producing and selling, during 1943, a cream for penile application. This claimed to delay orgasm, and increase rigidity. The formula was given as: Testes Extract, 0.29 gr., Tinct. Capsici, 0.05 gr., 01. Millefleur Comp., 0.01 gr., Vaseline, 9.45 gr. The result, according to reports I received, was not always pleasant; and the capsicum-like burning was said to decrease pleasure by some individuals—whilst nearly all women found it distinctly unpleasant!

The Persians employed pills containing pounded pearls, rubies, gold, amber, etc. Similar useless preparations were used in Europe during the late Middle Ages and early Renaissance. The Persians also valued one to two grain doses of quinine taken in the evening. In Constantinople, at one time, little pastilles were used; these contained hemp buds, honey, muscat nuts, and saffron. Another preparation was composed of *Canabis Indica*, carnations, *moschus*, coco-nut, honey, etc. But Omar Haleby thought one of the best cures

for impotence was for a man to stroke his penis and tickle his scrotum just as did the Prophet. He adds that it is good to be perfumed with musk both before and after coitus, and claims that the fragrance of myrrh excites one to the act. Other things recommended for inclusion in aphrodisiac dishes are: eggs, fish, mutton (with carroway seed), anis and fennel, testes of animals, carrots, asparagus (highly recommended by a distinguished English medico of the present day), pistachio nuts, roast nuts, truffles, spices, various kinds of mushroom, and garlic.

Indian literature, just as the Arabic, is rich in writings pertaining to sexual love and matters erotic. For the Indian, *Kama* (love-pleasure) is the womb of *Dharma* (virtue) and *Artha* (fortune). He sincerely believes that nothing would be possible without *Kama:*

> *Give thyself up to* Kama, *take thy joy with women*
> *In fair garb and ornament, and sweet to behold,*
> *With young women loosed with the madness of drink;*
> *For* Kama, *O King, for us is greatest of all.*

The Indians know that desire does not sleep, though strength decays, and like other peoples they have their remedies. Means of increasing and intensifying masculine potency appear in ancient Indian literature in abundance. There are many and varied methods of increasing potency to such an extent that a man who follows them out is said to be able to satisfy a thousand women in one night!—thus, at least, say the old tales and legends . . . Onions, garlic, leeks, and beans appear again and again in these recipes, despite the fact that such foods are forbidden in law literature by reason of their supposedly magical nature. Kshemendra mentions onions and garlic as aphrodisiacs in his *Samayamatrika:* "Aware that her youth was passing and wishing to oust all the rest of her decrepit lover's women, she took pains to enthral him by the use of magic plants. At the same time she reawakened his juvenile ardour by the judicious use of fish soup, milk, liquified butter, garlic, onions, and other virile adjuvants . . ."

The famed *Kama Sutra* of Vatsyayana contains two chapters regarding aphrodisiac ointments, philtres, and foods, as likewise the *Ananga-Ranga* of Kalyanamalla, from which the following scarcely representative excerpts have been culled (there are so many that choice becomes difficult!):

"A man obtains sexual vigour by drinking milk mixed with sugar, the root of the Uchchata plant, the piper chaba, and liquorice.

"Drinking milk with sugar, and having the testicle of a ram or goat boiled in it, is also productive of vigour.

"In the same way, if a man mixes with rice the eggs of a sparrow, and having boiled this in milk, adds it to ghee and honey, and drinks of it as much as necessary, this will produce the same effect.

"Boiling the asparagus racemosus, and the shvadaustra plant along with the pounded fruits of the premna spinosa in water, and drinking the same, is said to act in the same way."

It might be added that hen's eggs are supposed to be infinitely more powerful than those of sparrows; and I remember a friend, at one time in the Indian Army, who told me that he always found two raw hen's eggs beaten up in milk (either cow's or goat's) with a double brandy and a tablespoonful of Greek Honey of Hymettus included in the mixture, unusually effective. His wife agreed. But, of course, the result may have been influenced by suggestion. Nevertheless I have found the above concoction amazingly effective as a tonic after a heavy cold, taken preferably first thing in the morning and last thing at night—and genuine Hymettus Honey, though rather expensive, is easily enough procurable in this country nowadays. It is a thyme honey, thick, and of a most delicious flavour. I might add that goat's milk, being more easily digested (though more difficult to find in cities), is preferable to cow's milk.

Ginger is another favourite item in the aphrodisiac cuisine, and it is known equally in China as in Arabia, Turkey, Egypt, and India. The Chinese prepare from it a kind of ginger-fruit jam which assists digestion, but also tends to excite the genitals. Use is also made of the roots of the gen-seng, which is considered a general stimulant. Another favourite with the Chinese is the tripang or sea-cucumber, a species of holothuria—in size and shape somewhat like a black-pudding. It is found amongst the rocks throughout Oceania, when the tide is low, and is packed in barrels after having undergone a process of drying in the sun. I have not been able to ascertain precisely how it is served, but it is certainly spiced or peppered.

Speaking of pepper, it may be as well to mention cubeb pepper (already touched on above). The Chinese use this in the form of an infusion of the leaves, as it is said to produce erections and desire, and also to strengthen the member.

In their wisdom this people does not draw any distinction between food and medicine: "What is good for the body is medicine, and at the same time food." Long before the recent medicine of the western world they had learned that a varied and wholesome diet is conducive to longevity and prolonged sexual activity; and that worry, emotional disturbance, sorrow, and excess in eating and drinking, are prejudicial to success in this, as in other spheres.

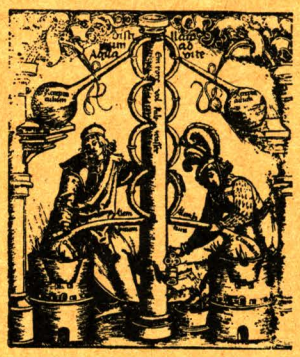
From the dawn of recorded history—love-philtres and aphrodisiacs have also been employed throughout Europe. Little or nothing can be discovered regarding the composition of preparations; but it is certain that from the time of the Crusades, and onwards through the Middle Ages, modifications based on imported Arabic and other oriental remedies took their places alongside traditional native remedies. Moorish ideas on this subject had been diffused through Spain, and filtered thence to other places.

Together with food and drugs (internal and external applications), magical preparations also took their place. And everything we glean regarding the love-philtres employed by witches and wizards points to the utterly fantastic nature of their manufacture. Frequently they were wilfully bizarre, and contained substances not at all likely to awaken sentiments of love, or even lust . . . Even human excrement was employed, and other easily imaginable horrors to be found in the laboratories of the witches.

Nevertheless, some of the more strictly pharmacological of these products (like some of the recipes of the orient) seemed to produce results. They excited the senses, stimulating physical capacity and desire; or, on the other hand, clouded the wits and banished self-control. But they were compounded of dangerous drugs, and were sometimes responsible for the most frightful results.

In mediaeval times the magic brews of the Italians enjoyed the greatest reputation, and were peddled in all European countries by tramps and travellers. A Mecklenberg superstitition concerned the belief that eating an apple which had been soaked in the sweat of the beloved one's arm-pits would increase love. But, as an anonymous medical writer has stated: "It is worth noticing that what the midwife and the healer tried to achieve through magical formulae and impressive procedure, Coué did by very much simpler means."

In the writings of Paulinus—which were very popular during mediaeval times—the items most cited include: the urine of a bull,



the excrement of poultry (especially the hen), the testes of the hare and the stag, the penis of the donkey, the semen of various animals, the vaginal secretions and discharges such as those of the sow. Asparagus and eggs are mentioned again and again (as are honey and garlic in the orient), which is something of a relief after the magical and scatological nonsense hinted at above.

Rabelais, in *Gargantua & Pantagruel* (Book III, chaps. 30-31—an excellent modern translation is available in Penguin Classics, and another equally good version in the Modern Library series published in New York by Random House) deals with both aphrodisiacs and anaphrodisiacs. For example: ". . . Take this slice of marzipan: it will help your digestion. Then you shall have a cup of hippocras—claret spiced with cinnamon—it's healthy and good for the stomach's sake."

The same worthy author lists wine as an anaphrodisiac when consumed in large quantities, but knows that in moderation its use may safely be described as definitely aphrodisiac: "That is why Bacchus, god of drunkards, is painted beardless and clad in women's clothes, an effeminate and a eunuch. The temperate drinking of liquors acts quite otherwise: the old proverb bears this out when it tells us that Venus takes cold without Ceres and Bacchus. Such was the opinion of the ancients, according to Diodorus the Sicilian; the Lampsacians, too, according to Pausanias, believed that Master Priapus was born of Bacchus and Venus . . ." (etc.)

During the early seventeenth century, the potato also was credited with aphrodisiac virtues—probably because it was something strange and new; and, although we know today that there is not the slightest ground for such a belief, the Elizabethan dramatists often referred to this quality of the potato in their plays. Remarking on this, Havelock Ellis says: ". . . And the Irish peasantry, whose diet very largely consists of potatoes, are even regarded as possessing an unusual small measure of sexual feeling." He adds that "a beefsteak is probably as powerful a sexual stimulant as any food . . ."

Dr Nicolas Venette, a curious medical author of the mid seventeenth century, has some interesting things to say regarding our subject. "Temperament, age, climate, the time of year, as well as the general individual mode of life, have their effect upon the number of embraces which we are able to give our wives. A man of twenty-five years, with a warm complexion, and plentifully supplied with blood and nervous energy, and living, say, in the fertile plains of Barbary, may well be able to satisfy a woman five times in one night. Whilst a man of forty years, of cold temperament, and living in the chilly mountains of Sweden—and who also has difficulty in finding the wherewithal to live—will not be able to know his wife as much as twice during a cold night in January."

Then he takes the plunge into the aphrodisiac cauldron and is, unfortunately, unable to avoid a little nonsense, easily recognizable by present-day readers: "I do not intend herein to talk of every remedy used to excite love, nor yet of all those which are said to produce an increase of seminal fluid within us—such as the yolks of eggs, the testicles of cocks, crabs, prawns, crayfish, the marrow of beef, sweet wine, milk and other articles of diet which nourish considerably. Nor yet shall I mention such foods as tend to cause wind: artichokes, cooked garlic, the hippomane, the penis of the stag or bull killed during May or October, campion, etc. I will, nevertheless, say a few words concerning the little crocodile, which the latins call *scinus*, and which is known as *mabouiha* and *brochet terrestre* in the Antilles. I will also speak of *skirret*, *satirion*, borax, opium, and cantharides . . . But I would warn those who are slow in the exercise of love not to avail themselves of these remedies, unless they have previously and fruitlessly employed other and more natural and legitimate methods . . ."

The variety of and need for aphrodisiacs reached its most extravagant heights during the eighteenth century, especially in France; but also in England and elsewhere. The reasons for this lie in the considerable extension of debauchery and promiscuity during this particular century. Space forbids our examination of the causes for such sexual licence; though there seems good reason to believe that the increasing availability of spiritous liquors, together with increasing emancipation from mediaeval superstitution and ecclesiastical rule, played a not inconsiderable part in transforming the eighteenth century into an age of sensuality and physical pleasure. Nor must it be forgotten that it was also the age which by reason of its advances in scientific discovery, and literary expression, in anthropological investigation, and philosophic disquisition, led to the highly developed civilization which we know today.

Regarding the pleasures of the table, which indirectly fire the pleasures of love, Dr Ivan Bloch has noted that as the eighteenth century progressed there was an increase rather than a decline to be noticed in attention to these matters. He also drew attention to the fact that amongst the working classes this attention became particularly marked. Nor did such matters improve during the nineteenth century, for during this period consumption of meat and alcohol increased at a rate which, according to economic reports, was astonishing.

And what did the people drink? Besides the beer of the poorer classes, and the fine liqueurs of the rich, they especially indulged in heavy wines: burgundy, sherry, oporto, and the like. Diet was especially varied, containing much meat, all kinds of fish, oysters, crab, lobster, turtles, eggs, artichokes, mushrooms, truffles, celery, onions, apricots, strawberries, peaches, ginger, pepper, and cocoa—which last beverage is still believed by many to possess slight aphrodisiac properties.

Cantharides (Spanish Fly) was utilized not only extensively, but also carelessly. It was made up in sweetmeats, chocolates, and similar confections, and was also cooked in cakes and biscuits. Many people died or suffered agonizing and severe illness through the abuse of carelessly administered cantharides, which acts as an extreme irritant, and can result in irremediably serious inflammations. No warning against the use of such stimulants can be strong enough. Comparatively recently two young London women died within an hour or two of having unknowingly been given doses of this drug in some kind of sugared candy. Such cases, throughout history, are legion, and include the noblest of names. Moreover, cantharides was found to be not infallible, and failed miserably on many occasions. Even Yohimbin, a much safer, and comparatively recent drug, has, in many cases, been found of little, if any value. It might be added that, in the pharmaceutical field, nothing of value can be obtained without a doctor's prescription.

During 1926 the eminent Dutch gynaecologist, Th Van de Velde, published his almost exhaustive treatise on coital technique and physical adjustment, *Ideal Marriage*. The English edition was published in London by Heinemann. Since that date this work has become the standard modern classic on sexual technique, and may well be termed a twentieth century *Perfumed Garden*.

[continued on page 68

Aphrodisiacs

(*continued from page* 66)

Speaking of aphrodisiac cookery, Van de Velde says: "It is undeniable that in this department, as in so many others, the art of love among us has suffered retrogression and decline, and fails to make use of all the resources which might be employed without ill effect. It is quite the exception for housewives to possess inherited manuscript recipes and prescriptions, which they find specially efficacious here. I have, however, heard from a reliable source of a cookery book in manuscript, compiled with a view to erotic effects, and bequeathed from mother to daughter in a private family . . . The dependable man who told me of it, and who himself had considerable experience and genital potency, categorically declared that he had not only looked at the recipes but often himself enjoyed their efficacy." After these introductory remarks, the Dutch gynaecologist repeats the well-known fact that a plentiful dietary assists sexual activity, whilst a frugal diet—and particular what is known as under-feeding—leads to the diminution and inhibition of this function. Among liquid aphrodisiac beverages he places alcohol in the first rank; but emphasizes the necessity for its use in moderation, owing to its paralysing action on the genital centres when partaken in large quantities. For this reason alcohol is best taken with food, as then it is absorbed more slowly, and the effect is more enduring. Beer is absorbed even more slowly, as it contains cereals; and this may account for the ancient English peasant belief in its erotic stimulating properties.

Another modern medical authority who has recommended attention to diet in cases of complete or partial impotence is William J. Robinson, at one time Chief of the Department for Genito-Urinary Diseases and Dermatology in Bronx Hospital, New York. In an exhaustive volume dealing with impotence and frigidity, he devotes a special section to diet. He is convinced that the diet should be generous and liberal: "The patient should eat plenty of eggs, oysters, raw and fried, meat and fish. I often make my patients eat two to six raw eggs a day, two or three the first thing in the morning, before breakfast, and the rest during the day. It is best to drink the egg directly from the shell. Make a hole in the top, put in a pinch of salt, and sip it. Caviar is also reputed to be beneficial. Spices and condiments are not only permissible, but desirable." He considers saffron, mustard, pepper, cardamoms, cinnamon, nutmeg, and ginger, as having an undoubted effect in stimulating the libido and the erection centre, and says that where lack of libido and weak erections are the only complaint, they may, and should be used liberally. But he points out a danger should the patient suffer from premature ejaculation.

Another investigator has drawn attention to observations made on young people in an educational establishment. It was noticed that they evinced a connection between the intake of fish and cod-liver oil and sexual desire. Lecithin was also found to produce similar effects. Foods rich in phosphorus (which is associated with nervous metabolism), and those rich in iron (such as spinach) are said to stimulate the sexual function. Likewise curries, chutneys, and hot sauces, by their irritant action.

In more recent years the interest of the ancients in the stimulating properties of animal testicles has received some corroboration. During 1926 Professor Fred C. Koch, of the University of Chicago, commenced a series of bizarre experiments somewhat reminiscent of the magical love-philtres of mediaeval times. In the words of Paul de Kruif he set about "a reckless stewing, extracting, dissolving, fractionating, and distilling of tons of bulls' testicles". He was assisted in this venture by a young medical student named Lemuel Clyde McGee, and eventually they succeeded in extracting the hormone, testosterone. But an enormous quantity of testes was necessary in order to produce a mere 20 mgm. of the hormone, and even then not in its purest state. By 1929 methods and matters improved, however, and it became possible to experiment on a male human for the first time. A twenty-six-year-old eunuchoid type was chosen, with sparse pubic hair, high voice, no sexual desire, a moustache like peach-down which was shaved only every two weeks, and absolutely complete absence of seminal ejaculation. The male hormone, not yet completely pure, and still not accurately described chemically, was injected into this half-man for fifty-three days. No harmful effects resulted, and slowly he began to assume all the physical and emotional aspects of a normal and developed male. Sexual desire manifested itself for the first time, and also ejaculation with orgasm. It was a momentous experiment, a wonderful proof of the importance of the male hormone, which is normally produced by the testes, and secreted direct into the bloodstream of the fully developed male, but which in a very few individuals may be absent or deficient for various reasons. Unfortunately, in the case of this original experiment, the supply of testosterone was exhausted in fifty-three days, and gradually the masculine characteristics and genital functions of the patient diminished, leaving him once again a mere half-man.

Then another miracle happened. A Yugoslavian chemist, Vladislav Ruzicka, living in Zürich, was able to transform cholesterol into a synthetic testosterone. This was fortunate, because cholesterol is a substance to be found in every cell of animal and human bodies. It is found even in cod-liver oil, and in the purified fat of sheep's wool. This discovery resulted in testosterone becoming much more plentiful, and certainly cheaper.

Still more recently a Budapest-born scientist living in Mexico, Dr Emerick Solmo, began to turn over in his mind an ancient Mexican superstition regarding the sarsparilla root. Sarsparilla, a plant of the *Smilax* family, is not new to medicine, and is still used as a blood purifier. This, however, was not the aspect which interested Dr Solmo. The superstition which had so impressed him was a saying that "an infusion of blood-red sarsparilla roots was *good for weakness*." Being a shrewd scientist he did not laugh at the idea of "sarsparilla tea," but began to investigate matters and experiment with the root. Removing the bark from the actual root, he then pulverized it, and extracted by various processes, too complicated for description here, some odourless white crystals. These were then mixed with a saline solution similar to the fluids of the human body, and used as a solution for injection; or, conversely, made up in the form of tablets. Many thousands of clinical tests were made with this substance on both animals and humans, and it was conclusively proved that 'sarsparilla testosterone' possessed the identical properties of animal and cholesterol testosterone. There was absolutely no doubt about it . . .

Yet testosterone is not an aphrodisiac in the sense that it can be taken by all and sundry. Its effect on young and healthy men is nil. It is a substance for the aged, the ill, the abnormal, and the injured. All we can say is that it brings the certainty of normality to those very few young men with abnormally constituted endocrine systems, to the equally few children likewise constituted, and to men suffering the results of certain tragic types of injury, such as shrapnel-castration during war. For hundreds of thousands of older men it becomes a miracle substance, which, given in careful dosage can make them stronger, restore their mental energy and alertness, and make them fit and ready once more to enjoy life and work. On the other hand there are individual cases where it may be dangerous, and strict medical supervision is always essential during its use.

Nevertheless, as I implied at the commencement of this article, more than 95% of all cases of impotence are psychological—that is to say that the failure is entirely due to fear, a false sense of guilt, stupid rumours about the effects of masturbation, or the emotional effects of youthful inexperience. The trouble lies in the mind, in a doubting and fearful imagination—or, but only very occasionally these days, in malnutrition. The only true cure for most cases lies in the infinitely potent words of the greatest teacher the world has ever known: "Go, and *believing* yourselves to be whole, ye *shall* be whole".

(The above article is based on modified and abridged excerpts from selected chapters in *Aphrodisiacs: From Legend to Prescription*, by Alan Hull Walton, which is to be published as a paperback by Tandem Books, London, next February. This book should not be confused with another volume under the title of *Aphrodisiacs*, by the eighteenth century writer, John Davenport, and which is totally different in its approach and scope).

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Penthouse Forum

(*continued from page* 18)

the female figure when not rendered ridiculous by G-strings or concealing "he-man" stock poses) are published in continental magazines available in Britain and to a small extent in American photographic magazines; even the venerable *Listener* has published a complete female nude (*by Adolf Ziegler, Sept. 22, 1937, p. 607*). Surely the time is ripe for a change in approach on your part from an attitude to female photography that was acceptable by the Victorians.

Wishing you the best of luck with your excellent, if sexually reticent, magazine.

C. R. Bradley,
Sutton Montis,
Yeovil, Somerset.

May I say how much I am enjoying the copies of PENTHOUSE which my fiancé buys regularly. I have followed the correspondence closely in your columns, particularly the comments on the models chosen to grace your pages.

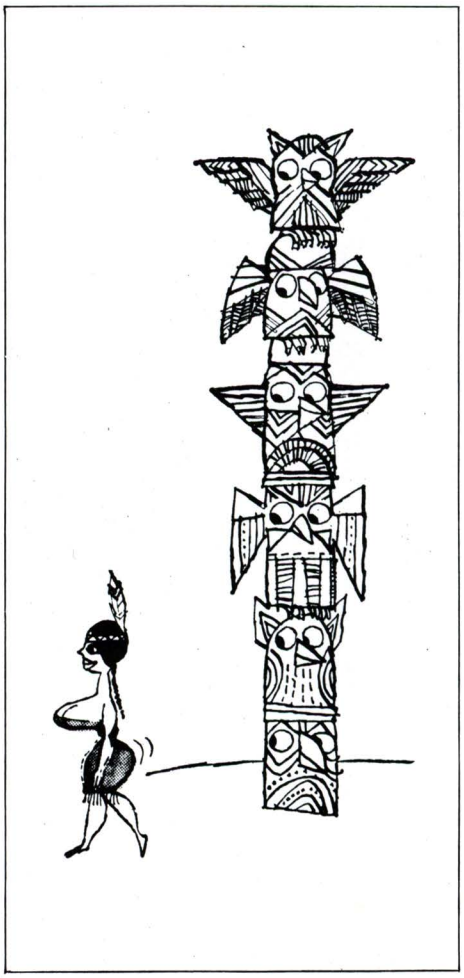
With regard to the suggestion that you should include unretouched photos, may I say how much I agree with this idea.

I fully understand that your male readers would very much appreciate this policy should it be adopted.

I am a natural red-head and pose in the nude for my fiancé. The resulting colour prints are most pleasing and I am certain that with some of your models (e.g. Miss Amber Dean-Smith) the results would be really stunning.

Congratulations on your magazine and its policy.

Janet Browning (Miss),
Stansted, Essex.



I am quite unable to fathom why it is that when I paint a model I can exhibit a nude picture showing every detail of pubic hair and anatomy. Yet, if I take a photograph of the model in the same pose I am supposed to retouch the negative to eliminate this natural growth and in fact it is usually advisable to show the model as devoid of the reproductive possibility.

It's high time someone published a nude photograph au naturale. Why not PENTHOUSE? I will willingly donate £5 towards a fighting fund if necessary, if only to get rid of this still remaining obscene Victorian outlook.

G. R. C.,
Welwyn, Hertfordshire.

Amber Forever

Being regular readers of the more sophisticated gentlemen's magazines we find it increasingly difficult to find one that caters for all our interests.

However, we believe we have found the answer—PENTHOUSE. Primarily we were attracted to PENTHOUSE by the brilliant composition of the cover; we are glad to say that on reading the helpful reviews and entertaining stories we approve of our five shilling investment.

Being disciples of modern fashion we were interested in the fashion feature, which was given extra appeal by the presence of Mr Brady.

Without doubt, PENTHOUSE would certainly be lacking without the inclusion of the monthly "pet." We would like to add that we found Amber most palatable to our masculine tastes. Also, the pictorial review of "*What's New Pussycat?*" so impressed us, that we will, without doubt, make a special effort to see this film.

To conclude we would like to say that you have captured two more faithful subscribers.

Wilson T. Kitson,
A. D. Sheppard,
Trent College,
Long Eaton, Nottingham.

Belatedly, but you will understand not through any fault on my part, I succeeded in tracking down your NO. 5 PENTHOUSE and, such is my enthusiasm, that I have rushed into this letter.

Due to the location difficulties just now referred to, this is only the second number of your fine magazine to come to my hands, the other being NO. 3. And this latest edition is in my opinion a genuine improvement on the earlier one.

I refer particularly to the amount of space now devoted to the Pictorial Studies: the cutting down reveals both a keenly professional editorial outlook with a splendid awareness of what the public wants, and the realisation that quality brings greater dividends than quantity, however much one may admire the female form.

And quality in this instance of a degree rarely equalled, and of course, utterly deserved. Oh, Miss Amber Dean-Smith! (Or may I call you Amber?!) That such beauty lurks behind the covers of a magazine costing a mere five shillings! I won't complain. The cover portrait was a winner for a start: eyes tantalizingly glowing, lips fresh and natural, shoulders strongly set, and those breasts—smooth and flowing. Oh, the pity that it was merely a half-length study! And, yet, this was not even the pick of those presented. The pale-lit shot of Miss Dean-Smith seated on the chair is truly a work of art: and I hope that I am taking account of the fact that, with a woman of such perfect physical build, a photographer could scarcely do much wrong. Although, a note of criticism, the black-and-white pictures do seem to have brought out a too shaded effect.

However, let me simply conclude with the earnest plea that we be treated at some future date to a further helping of our beloved Amber. PENTHOUSE, why do you do this to us!?

D. I. Roddy,
Walkinstown,
Dublin 12, Ireland.

South Stoneham House is a men's hall of residence for Southampton University. We of the 15th floor, numbering a dozen, are regular readers and voyeurs of PENTHOUSE, although you will not find our names on your list of subscribers, since we're only in Southampton for 30 weeks in each year.

PENTHOUSE has provoked many lively discussions on this floor, as much on the subject matter of the articles as on the relative aesthetic merits of the photographs.

As far as the latter are concerned, although we find all your "Pets of the Month" adorable, we are in unanimous agreement that Miss Amber Dean-Smith is the most sweet, lovely, attractive, seductive, charming, engaging, interesting, enchanting, captivating, fascinating, bewitching, angelic of all.

Furthermore, we would like to take the liberty of adopting her as our mascot.

We, therefore, extend to her an open invitation to visit us in our own Penthouse on the 15th floor at the address below. A trip round the University and a night out in the town would of course be arranged.

Lee Williams, Pat Green, Paul Menning,
Stuart Pomphrey, M. R. King and others
"in absentia,"
South Stoneham House,
Swaythling, Southampton.

Male Nudes

Please correct what I suspect to be a gross misrepresentation of my words of wisdom.

The letter from Cpl S. D. Hillson (VOL. 1, NO. 5) mentions a letter of mine which you published. It also quotes a view that photo-

graphs of men would boost sales among women. This punctuation (or yours?) suggests that this is my view.

My letter (VOL. 1, NO. 3) was simply concerned with a pedantic point on the PENTHOUSE KEY. I have no objection to female nudes—in fact, I bought the first number of PENTHOUSE for my husband, who is now an avid reader—but a similarly produced magazine with nude—or even slightly dishabillé—men would hold no interest for me at all. In fact, unlike men, most women have no need to vicarious excitement, and I'm sure I should find it revolting.

Elizabeth Savory,
Marchwood, Hants.

Sexual Freedom

One can only feel sorry for Miss MacKay—(VOL. 1, NO. 4)—who seems to have been conditioned into believing that corporal punishment is either a sufficient or a necessary retribution for any anti-social act. It is easy to see how such an upbringing could lead to criminal behaviour when the subject realises how easy it is to "get away with it." Miss MacKay's readiness to separate moral responsibility for her misdeeds is a damning refutation of the sadistic ideas of some of your other correspondents to that issue.

That such tendencies should receive such support from your readers suggests that there are numbers of married couples for whom normally accepted sexual outlets are insufficient. Mr Bartle makes some relevant points in this connection towards the end of his rather diffuse letter. Historically, social intercourse between the sexes, and sexual liberty, have only been normally accepted for married adults. Now-a-days it seems that adults have retained a hang-over of Victorian inhibition among themselves while permitting excessive licence among the young and immature. This undesirable state of affairs has undoubtedly been encouraged by commercial interests who seem to cater principally for the immature of mind and body, regardless of age.

Women have been appreciated for their wit and beauty down through the ages, and the stimulation of a variety of lovers has always been recognized, and is continued tacitly and overtly in your series of seductive "*Pets of the Month.*" This social fact no longer seems to be accepted in practical terms however. All the promising emininity you show on your pages, and all the promising men for whom they cater, seem to turn into suspicious and jealous cabbages as soon as the rings are exchanged! My wife and I enjoy being uninhibited, but we have yet to meet another couple who share the same concept of moral and sexual freedom.

R. Fisher,
Berks.

Cowardly

I have just finished reading edition NO. 5 of PENTHOUSE, and I am pleased to say it is as good as the first four editions. I know it is supposed to be a man's magazine and I'm sure I do not appreciate the pin-up photos as much as your male readers. But all your other stories and articles are great. I'm a Dental Nurse and intend to put all my future editions of PENTHOUSE in our surgery as men seem to be much more cowardly than women. They seem so very miserable. I hope your magazine will help to overcome this. Here's hoping to see many many more editions of your truly great mag.

M. Melkis (Miss),
Dunstable, Beds.

Pantied Pet

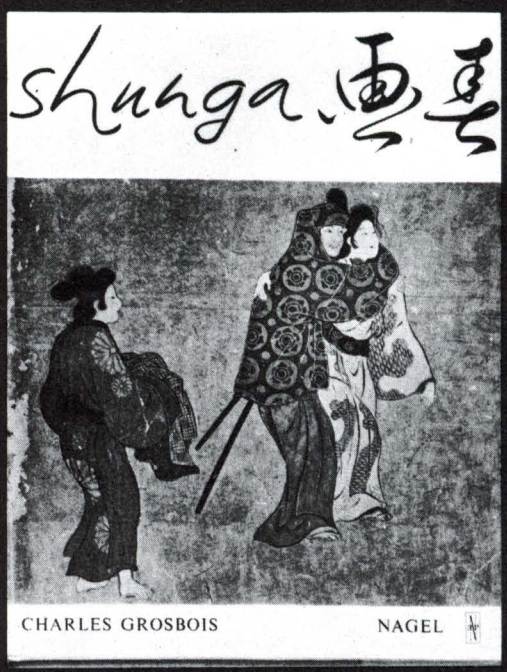
The way you pose your (admittedly delightful PENTHOUSE PETS is in danger of degenerating into a cliché: those half-zipped-open jeans are fine once in a while, but not *every* time. Don't your carefully-selected girls wear anything else? Stockings, for instance? Your man on page 7 (*View from the Top*) might well sigh for the "good old days of yore," for all the illustration his beloved lingerie gets in your pages. The most sexily-dressed bird in your NO. 5 issue has to be tracked down to where she lurks in the bottom left-hand corner of page 62. Once in a while, couldn't we have a pantied Pet?

J. H. Thomson,
Wigston, Leicester.

KAMA KALA, ROMA AMOR, EROS KALOS and *NOW*

SHUNGA

"Images of Spring"



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The text itself (the author is a former Director of the French-Japanese institute at Kyoto) is a delightful dissertation on the deviations and associations of Japanese erotic art of the period in relation to the philosophy, religion, and social life of the people, not excluding the influence of the geisha upon the *Weltanschauung* of Japanese life.

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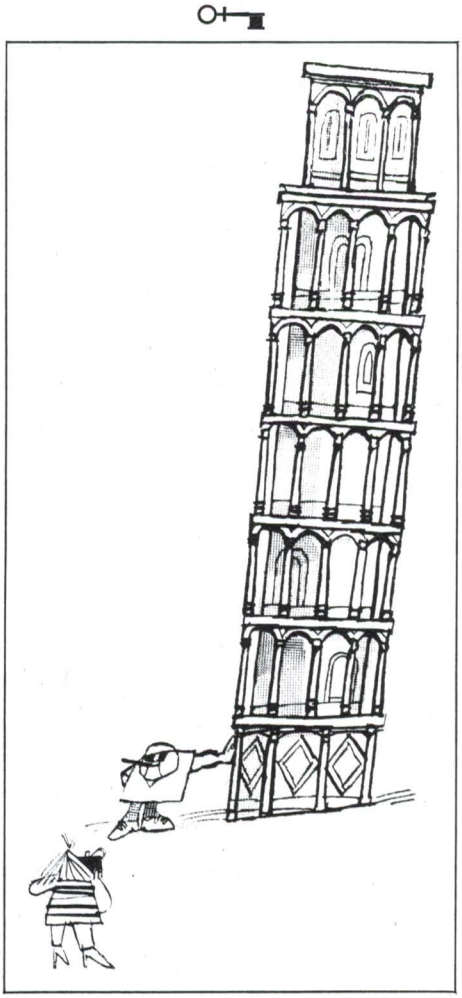

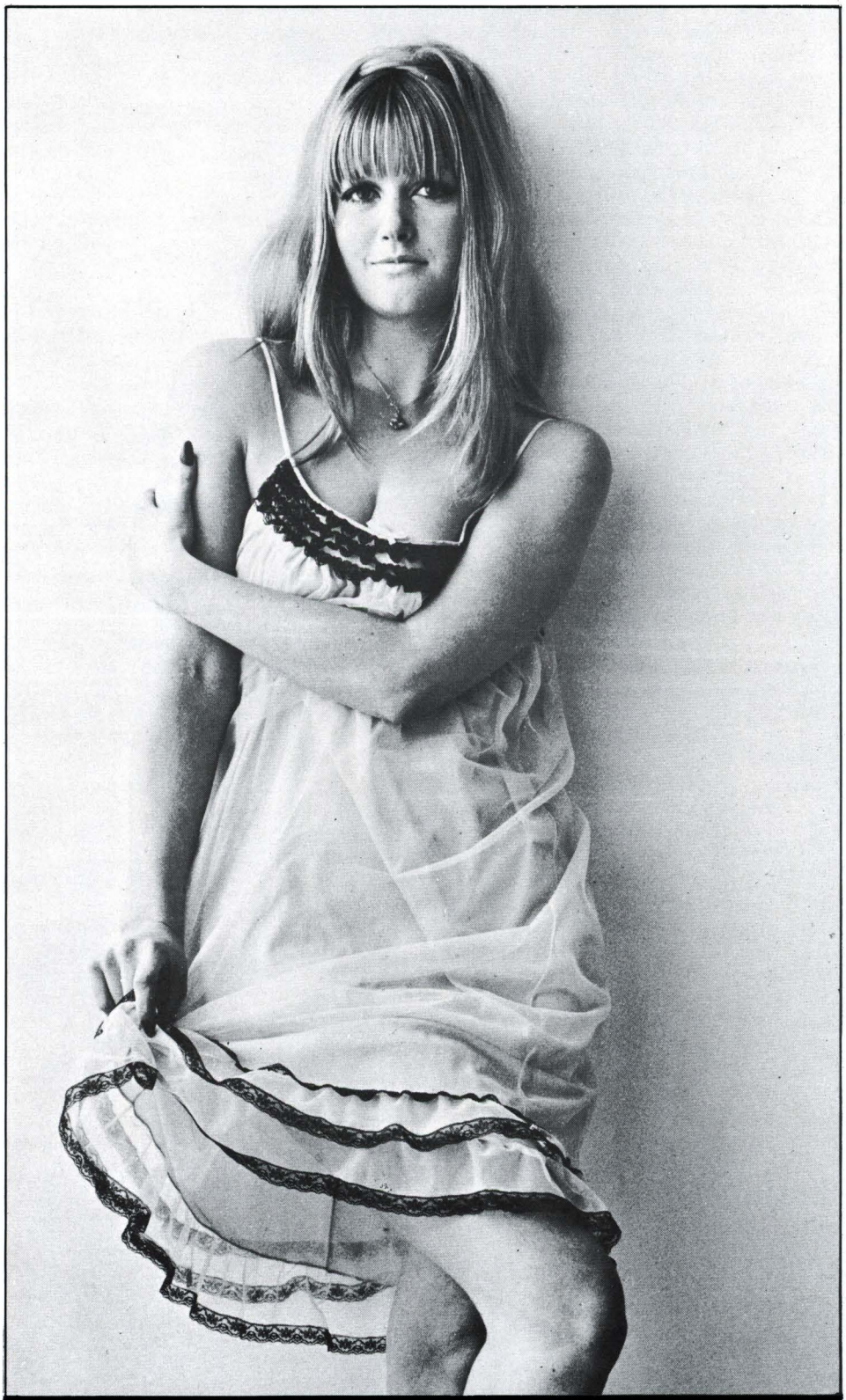

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Violette Leduc

(*continued from page* 30)

won't say what it is, but it needs a lot of courage to touch it and I am about to begin. I don't feel scandalized about it or angry. I don't think it will ever be a commercial point, to be courageous, to make other women courageous—not so that they recount their sexual adventures with everybody, but so that they feel less complex and they have less problems, because I know that men sexually are much freer than women, but what I want most for women is the common access to birth control, that they just have the children they want. Sexually, that will be a step forward for women. Young girls who are allowed to make love at a much earlier age are far less complicated and mixed up than women who have had it forbidden to them till they are married.

Penthouse: How old should a girl be before she begins?

Leduc: It's not her age, it's her emotional makeup, it's just when she wants to.

Penthouse: What is your next book?

Leduc: I have just had published in Paris, not really a novel, more of a story which is called *La Femme aux Petit Renard*, *The Lady with the Little Fox Fur*. It has already sold 10,000 copies in a week and Gallimard have just started a reprint of 50,000 copies. Peter Owen have just bought it for English publication.

Penthouse: Have you treated it as a novel?

Leduc: Yes, I suppose it is really a novel, but only a little one, 120 pages.

Penthouse: Is there a film in it?

Leduc: There is a film in anything provided the director is clever enough, except perhaps in the works of Spinoza or something like that.

Penthouse: How about *La Bâtarde?*

Leduc: Yes, one could make a film of *La Bâtarde*.

Penthouse: Have there been any offers from the French film industry?

Leduc: No.

Penthouse: It's a wonderful part for Jeanne Moreau.

Leduc: That is true.

Penthouse: Do you see many films?

Leduc: Yes, I like the cinema very much.

Penthouse: How about English films?

Leduc: Yes, I like them because of their psychological depth. I saw *The Loneliness of a Long Distance Runner*, *A Taste of Honey*, and *Brief Encounter*, which was a film I saw a long time ago, but it's a beautiful film. I went to see them making the film *Doctor Zhivago* in May and I think that will be a very fine film.

Penthouse: Are you interested in other writers, new writers who have not yet acquired a name or reputation?

Leduc: Yes, I am. I met a young American writer that became known this spring, but no one has dared publish him because of the censorship problem.

Penthouse: Can you tell us something about him ?

Leduc: I can't remember his name, he is very young, only about 30.

Penthouse: What was his work about ?

Leduc: It was certainly erotic.

Penthouse: Do you know the work of William Burroughs. *Naked Lunch*, for example ?

Leduc: I have read it. I think that there are extraordinary passages but once he starts talking about politics he is not as good. His passages on drug addiction and homosexuality certainly are marvellous. It is like a description of Hell in which one participates. Although it hurts me, I think he is a very, very great writer. It is no longer allowed in the French bookshops. If I may talk about the theatre for a moment. I have a very great admiration for Albee, his *Zoo Story* is a little masterpiece.

Penthouse: In England *Zoo Story* was dismissed as trivial.

Leduc: In France it had a great success. However, the most extraordinary writer, much better than all the other writers, is Rembrandt, the painter. One of his canvases in The Louvre shows him when he was very old, and poor, and disappointed, with a handkerchief around his head—this painting by Rembrandt shows him as a very old man in despair and it is more telling than any autobiography I have ever read. The expression in his eyes reveals his whole life. He was a man who was on the edge of madness and yet managed to survive despite everything.

Penthouse: What, so far, has been the reaction to your book in the U.S.A. ?

Leduc: There was a review in *Life* Magazine which was a very malicious one. I have never heard of a review appearing a whole fortnight before the book appears.

Penthouse: What do you mean by "malicious" ?

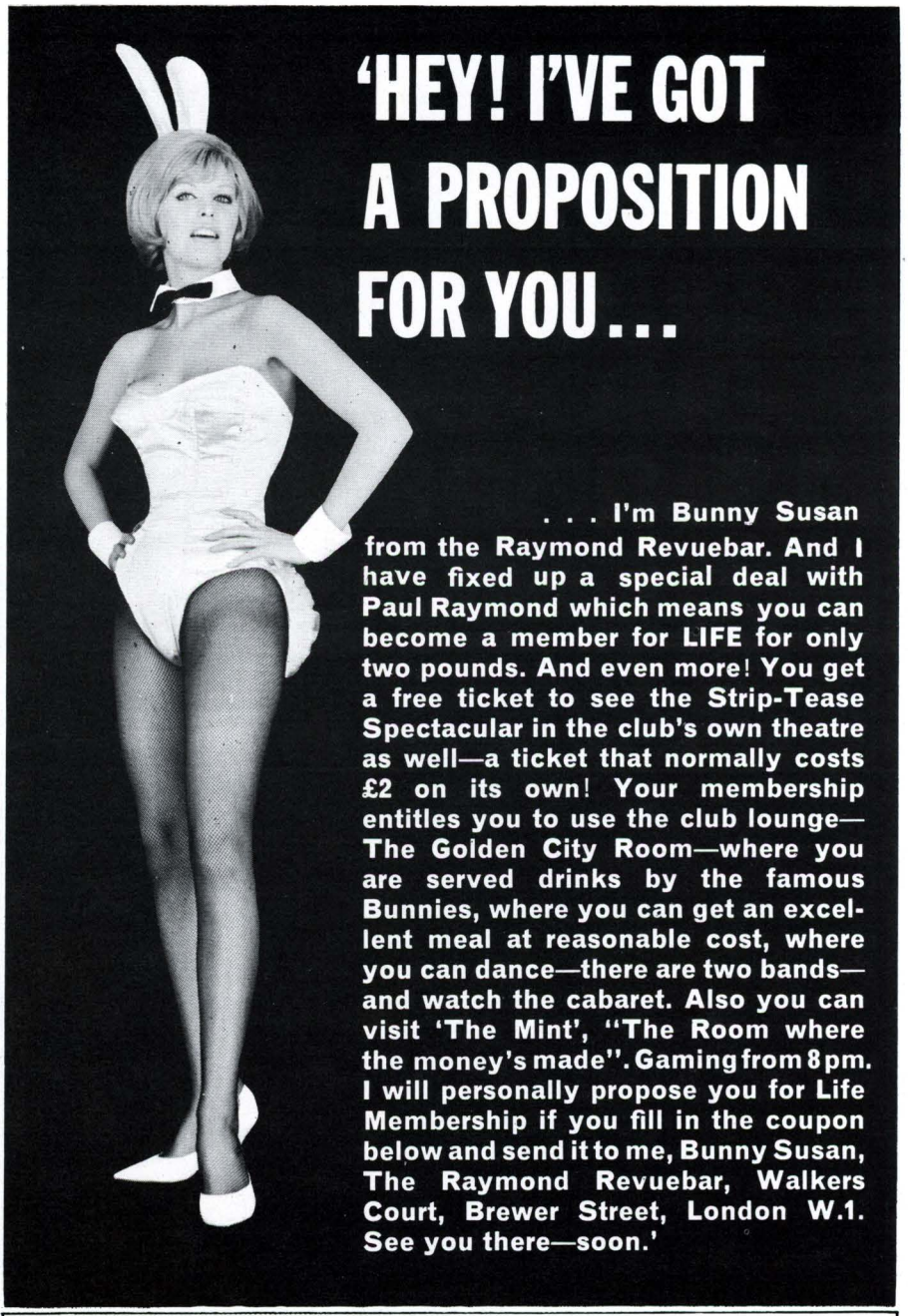
Leduc: They said the book was really a lot of whining and they didn't see why all this whining and self-pity should make anybody the centre of the world. They thought it rather old-fashioned to have this sort of privilege. I believe that one of the reasons why they attacked it was because Simone de Beauvoir wrote the preface to it and in France Simone is known as the "High Priestess of the Left-Wing."

Penthouse: Are you afraid of the English critics and what they are going to say about your book ?

Leduc: As far as I am concerned, my book is finished. It is like a child who has grown up and gone out into the world. I can do nothing more about it.

Penthouse: Except defend it ?

Leduc: Defend it ? I cannot write the words. I am not going to defend it. The book speaks for itself and for me. Why should I defend a book, especially an autobiography ? If it was a question of my idea, that would be different. One doesn't defend one's own sensitivity, does one!



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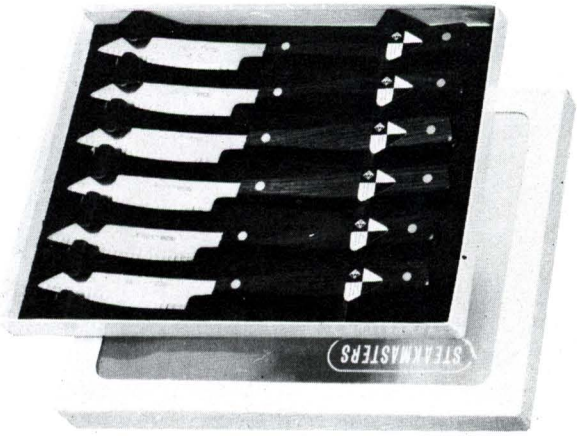

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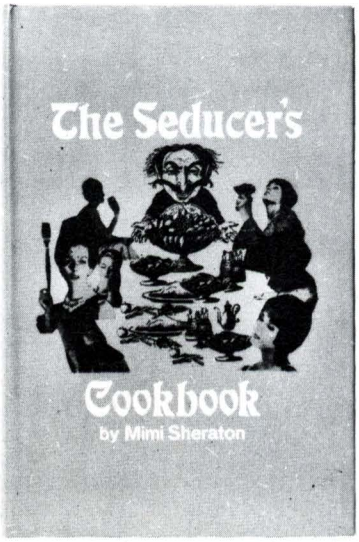

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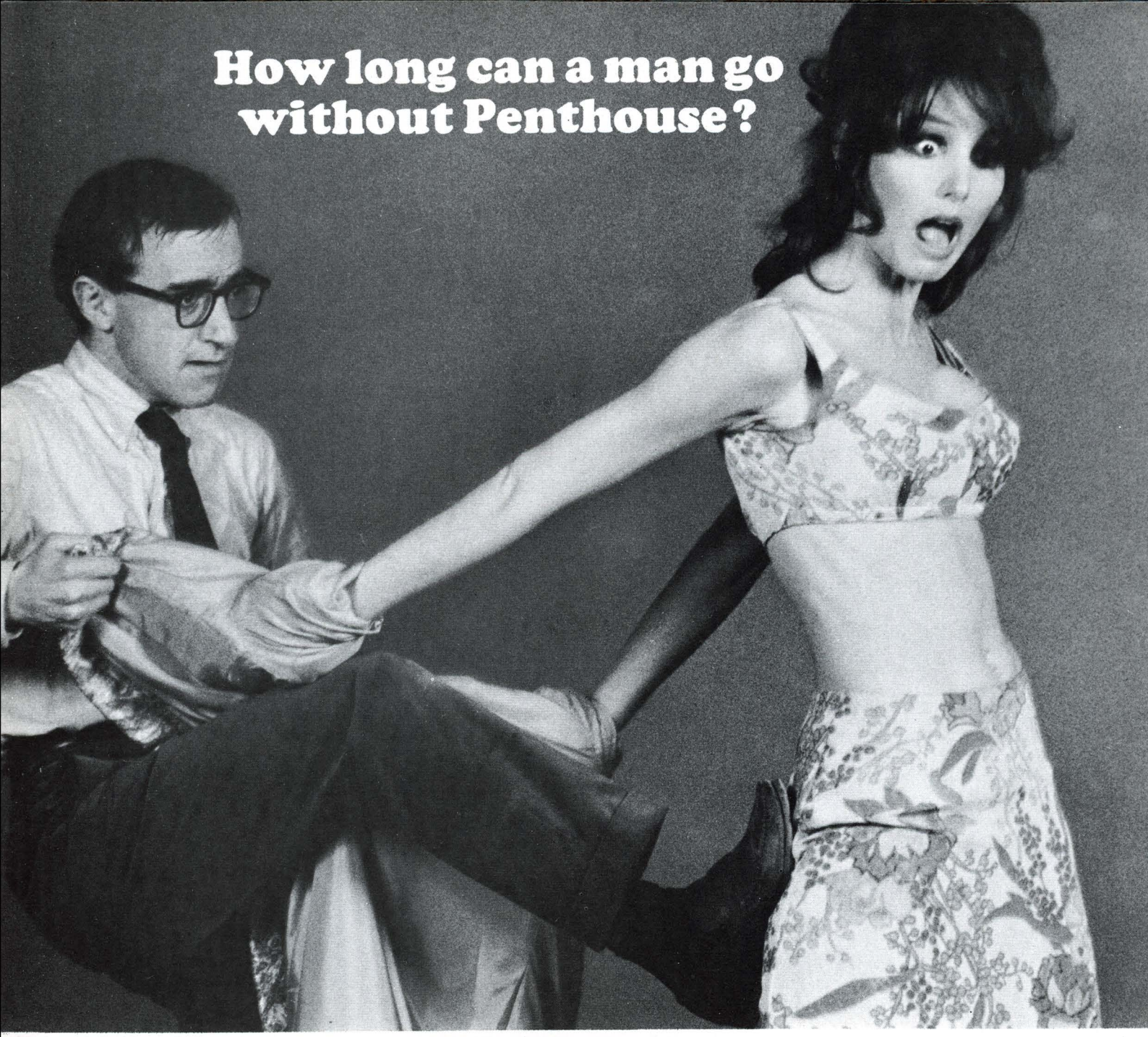

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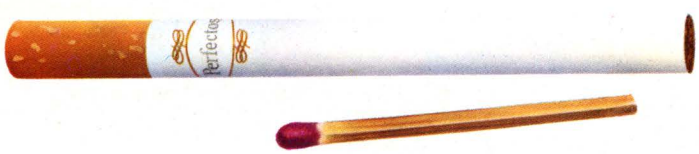

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